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SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1956.

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COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Water Figures

THE whole community has accommodated itself to the new water restrictions with becoming tolerance and good humour. It should not be supposed that the inconvenience to householders, particularly those in overcrowded tenements, is any less than anticipated, or that the health dangers are any the less, because the population has adapted itself to three hours of water supply every two days so willingly.

The Colony certainly has a right to feel it has been shabbily treated by the rains during the past week. What from appearances promised a yield to the reservoirs in Kowloon of anything up to a total of 300 million gallons, in the outcome produced a meagre 130 million gallons, or thereabouts.

Nothing could be more contrary than the registered rainfall over five days totalling some four inches, something less than half descended on the Kowloon catchment areas. The usefulness of the rains was diminished to that degree.

It is perhaps pertinent at this time to make clear to the public that rainfall figures comparative to the average for the year are fallacious for computing the Colony's current water situation. If comparison is to be made the figures should be related to the average as from the end of the previous rainy season, which is September.

Applied to the present season the total rainfall makes the 1955-56 winter one of the driest on record, hence the shortage today of 600 million gallons of water reserves compared with 1954 and 1955 at this time. These are the sobering statistics which make quite misleading comparison between the total rainfall since January 1 this year and the average over the same period.

Nonetheless there are encouraging signs. One is that the prolonged drought has been broken, which leads to growing confidence that we shall receive in due course and at the proper time the monsoon rains. In this hopeful anticipation the public will bear with fortitude the present necessary hardships in water conservancy.

British Bases Must Go: Ceylon P.M. Adamant

WHAT HE TOLD MOUNTBATTEN

(Colombo, May 4.)

Ceylon's new left wing government has informed the British authorities that British air and naval bases in Ceylon must be removed and "there is no question of reconsideration of that," the Premier, Mr Solomon Bandaranaike, told the House of Representatives here tonight.

He said he had discussions with Earl Mountbatten, Britain's First Sea Lord, recently on the subject and he hoped that the British naval chief would acquiesce in the authorities in London with his views before his arrival in London for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference.

Mr Bandaranaike said arrangements would have to be made for the withdrawal of foreign troops from Ceylon and provision made for persons who might be thrown out of employment as a result of the withdrawal of the bases.

"We must be ready to take charge," he said, adding that with the withdrawal of forces some increase in Ceylon's defence forces would be desirable.

"Every independent country in the world has a powerful defence force," he said. "We do not want to do anything to cripple our economy but some reasonable defence will be necessary."

To a question whether Ceylon, when it declared a republic, should remain within the Commonwealth, Mr Bandaranaike told the House that the question would be gone into at due course when constitutional changes were taken up.

He personally did not agree with the opposition view that being in the Commonwealth would limit Ceylon's independence. In any case he would like to consider that question fully.

The Prime Minister, who was speaking in a three-day debate on a motion of thanks to the Governor-General for his opening address to parliament, dealt briefly with the language problem which had dominated the debate.

The address of thanks was passed.—Reuter.

"Not Very Keen"

Singapore, May 4. The Chief Minister of Malaya, Tengku Abdul Rahman said in an interview with the Straits Times here today that his government was "not very keen" about a merger of Singapore and the federation of Malaya. "We are not considering this big issue at the moment," he added.—Reuter.

DULLES ON NATO's FUTURE ACTIVITIES

Paris, May 4.

Mr John Foster Dulles asked the 15-nation Atlantic Council here today to appoint a special ministerial committee which would "urgently consult" all member countries about the future activities of NATO in non-military fields.

A NATO spokesman said the United States Secretary of State proposed that the committee — of two or three foreign ministers — should report back to the Atlantic Council this autumn.

Mr Dulles said that the Western nations had completed a ten-year programme for economic recovery and collective security, the spokesman said. "What is needed now is a plan for the next decade," Mr Dulles was quoted as saying.

Mr Dulles told the four-hour afternoon session that America favoured channeling increased Western economic aid through existing organisations, conference sources said.

Mr Dulles, who was among a number of ministers putting forward their separate ideas on how to re-evaluate help should be given to under-developed countries, did not specifically reject the French scheme put forward today for a world development agency.

VIEW SUPPORTED

But the sources said some ministers supported what Mr Dulles' view that existing machinery was already involved in the administration of aid.

It was noted that among other things, West Germany — which is not a member of the United Nations — might be excluded from playing a part in a world development agency. During the afternoon session individual ideas on economic aid were put forward by ministers, but they did not debate each other's suggestions.

Proposals were put by Italy, West Germany, and Canada, but there was no immediate indication of their details.

Mr Selwyn Lloyd of Britain did not today submit proposals. It was learned later that in his afternoon speech Mr Dulles declared that NATO had three policy tasks: to adopt a military posture as a deterrent to force; to develop Western nations so that they did not develop divergent policies; and to strengthen the economies of the new countries to help them industrialise.

The Secretary of State said there were 800 million Communists in the world as opposed

Revolt In Tibet Reported

Calcutta, May 4. About 80,000 residents of eastern Tibet have revolted against Tibet's Communist Chinese Government and "more or less liberated the eastern districts of Tibet from Chinese rule," the newspaper Hindustan Standard reported today.

The newspaper said the report still lacks official confirmation. It said anti-Communist Tibetans living in the three eastern districts of Tibet, Sikkim and Kulu first revolted in 1954, raiding Chinese outposts and killing Chinese troops.

The revolutionaries started a post-tax campaign against the administration and later staged an armed rebellion when their campaign was ignored by authorities, the paper said.

Instead of eliminating taxes, the report said, the Communists increased the tax rate and began rationing commodities essential for the daily rituals of Lama monasteries. — United Press.

Loses His Sight

New York, May 4. Mr Victor Riesel, newspaper columnist who had acid thrown in his face by an unidentified assailant on April 8, has lost the sight of both eyes. It was reported today.

Mr Robert Hall, President of the syndicate which distributes Mr Riesel's columns, made the announcement that the writer's sight was gone.

Mr Riesel has blamed the attack on his crusading exposures of racketeers in labour unions. Leading eye doctors in New York had tried to save Mr Riesel's sight since the sulphuric acid seared his face and eyes. — China Mail Special.

PEKING PROPOSES CONFERENCE TO DISCUSS KOREA PROBLEM

Washington, May 4. Communist China has proposed that a general conference should be called to discuss the problem of Korea, an informed source said today.

The informed source said the representatives of the 16 powers, which fought in Korea on the United Nations side, had been summoned to the State Department this afternoon to study this proposal.

This proposal by the Peking Government had been delivered several days ago by China to the British Legation in Peking. This Legation transmitted it to the American Government in its capacity of Commander-in-Chief of the powers having fought in Korea at the side of the United Nations.

The US Government then decided to convene the conference which was held at the State Department this afternoon so that the 16 powers could learn about the Communist Chinese proposal.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Full-of-Spirit
Tumbleweed
Scribbles
Outsider:—V. I. P.

RACE 2

Violet Ray
Chinese Mackerel
Full Ahead
Outsider:—Squadron Leader.

RACE 3

Supreme Command
Jettid
Eagle King
Outsider:—Lake Success.

RACE 4

Vingt Et Un
Ben Nevis
Peach Blossom
Outsider:—Red Light.

RACE 5

Easy Win
Dutch Rocket
Jettid
Outsider:—Supremacy.

RACE 6

Johnbar
Aviemore
Knock-down
Outsider:—Straight Forward.

RACE 7

Pandora
Carola
Constellation
Outsider:—Princess Ellen.

RACE 8

Gladiolus
Long Cue
How Do I Know
Outsider:—Thousand Miles.

RACE 9

Donna Maria
Pearl of Hongkong
Henrietta
Outsider:—Colin.

RACE 10

Raja
Knock-down
Rabie
Outsider:—Gabriel Junks.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

V. I. P.
Tumbleweed
Annals
Outsider:—Full-of-Spirit.

RACE 2

Squadron Leader
Chinese Mackerel
Full Ahead
Outsider:—Firestone.

RACE 3

Forward View
Jettid
Winning Touch
Outsider:—Easy Money.

RACE 4

Vingt Et Un
Red Light
Million Dollar
Outsider:—Ben Nevis.

RACE 5

Easy Win
Supremacy
Unravelle
Outsider:—Always There.

RACE 6

Straight Forward
Aviemore
Rainbow
Outsider:—King A.

RACE 7

Pandora
Princess Ellen
Mercury
Outsider:—Belinda.

RACE 8

How Do I Know
Gladiolus
Lawrence
Outsider:—Long Cue.

RACE 9

Many Returns
Pearl of Hongkong
Desert Gold
Outsider:—Isis.

RACE 10

Knock-down
Golden Branch
Gabriel Junks
Outsider:—Cheerful.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

for the last race
Sell to the man in the bowler hat, maybe?

The teaser tip for the last meeting was Dreamought which was unplaced.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 5: Witch-hunter Extraordinary. By Colin Howard. A young peer explains why he cannot take his seat in the House of Lords.

P. 6: "Life With Allen": our new series — by Gerald Allen — begins today. The vengeance of Privilege Footy.

P. 7: "Deadline and Deadline": by Irene MacCall. Another new series beginning today. John Marshall continues the Dylan Thomas story.

P. 8: "Through My Lens": David Lewis begins the Jack Cardiff story. Chapman Pincher reports alarming new facts about drivers who drink.

P. 13: Hugh Cleland talks to four young men who have suddenly given up good careers to take holy orders.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports round-up — and, beginning today on P. 17 Bruce Deolard writes on the Australian cricket tour.

Eniwetok Atomic Test Explosion

Off Eniwetok, May 4.

The United States set off its first atomic test explosion of the 1956 series at 1825 GMT today on one of the islands of the Eniwetok atoll, in the Pacific Ocean.

The explosion, set off at 0625 (local time, Saturday) was relatively weak. It preceded the explosion of a hydrogen bomb, dropped from an aeroplane, which will occur in the coming days.

Spectators, including journalists, watched the explosion from the deck of the command ship Mount McKinley, which had dropped anchor some 15 miles from the island of Runit, where the explosion occurred.—France-Press.

Chinese Arrested

New York, May 4.

A Chinese businessman, one of the richest members of the Chinese colony in New York, was arrested today, accused of aiding the illegal entry into the United States of several thousand of his countrymen.

The businessman, Sing Kee, director of a large travel agency in New York's Chinatown, was accused of forging documents and passports for fellow Chinese.

Sing Kee, who said he was innocent, was released on \$5,000 bail.—France-Press.

To assist the police traffic department during the rush hours, the following SHELL Service Stations will be closed daily at the times stated below:—

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Except Saturdays, Sundays and public holidays

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Except Saturdays, Sundays and public holidays



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FILMS

Current & Coming
BY JANE ROBERTS

This Week's Films In Pictures



Above is a picture from "The Tender Trap" starring Frank Sinatra, Debbie Reynolds and Celeste Holm. The picture below (left) shows Gary Cooper in the film, "The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell" while the one on the right shows a scene from "On the Threshold of Space".



The New York and Great World cinemas have shown two good British films during the last week, unfortunately for only three days each. The better of the two, "The Prisoner" slipped quietly in on Wednesday and many people who had been looking forward to it for a long time, as a result of the good reviews it had gained in London, hardly had time to realise it was on before it was off again.

We are told that "The Prisoner" will not be given a second showing here before the end of the year, but it was such an excellent picture that it is to be hoped that a way can be found to show it again.

The prisoner of the title is a Cardinal and it is not difficult to imagine in whose case this film is based.

A brave man is this Cardinal. His exploits in the resistance movement before the war, the courage he has shown since the liberation of the poor people of the State, and in the present period of agonised misery he has shown, are a tribute to his character.

Because of his integrity and because of the respect in which he is held, through him the Church, which has become the focal point around which the new resistance movement against the Communist regime has gathered, it is decided that he must be destroyed.

Unique Man

A unique man is chosen to break his spirit. He is a doctor, turned public prosecutor, who employs psychological means to extract confessions from his prey.

This sounds a peculiar role for Jack Hawkins (the part of the Cardinal is taken by an artist who can stand in anything he undertakes—Alec Guinness) but he handles it well.

Determined to destroy the inner strength of his victim, he might have succeeded if he had not been such an idealist. He believes wholeheartedly in his job and the necessity of acting in a free confession from the Cardinal of his anti-state activities, either active or passive. At the moment of triumph when he has started the maggot of doubt in the Cardinal's mind, the purity of his victim has started a like reaction in his own brain and from then on, whether or not he breaks the faith of the Cardinal, nothing can stop the downhill run of his own belief.

The degradation of the Cardinal—magnificently portrayed by Alec Guinness—is matched by the self-leadership of his interrogator.

This is a film depending entirely on the interplay of personalities. The battle of wits between the prisoner and his captor is as exciting, although it takes place almost entirely in one room, as the bloodiest first fight or the most swiftly moving duel.

There is another fine performance from Wilfred Lawson as the early, simple-minded gaffer and he has cleverly been given a few really funny lines which ease the tension when it is becoming almost unbearable. From every point of view this is a very good film.

Exit Hitler

"The Last Act" though not a happy picture is very good cinema. It shows the last days of Hitler, when, exhibiting a marked streak of insanity, he lurks in his underground headquarters beneath Berlin, giving orders and countermanning them with the absence of logic of the mentally deranged.

The role of Hitler is ably played by Albin Skoda, whose physical resemblance to the

dictator is remarkable. He plays on the part like a musical instrument, at times ranting and raving, at others exhibiting some of the purpose that must have driven him to the top and at still others showing a gentleness almost suggestive of pity.

He is pictured as being surrounded by self-seekers and men who are afraid to tell him the truth.

As one piece of bad news follows another and it is obvious that the war is lost, the atmosphere in the underground headquarters grows more and more hysterical. Hitler plans counter-attacks on his map board that his staff know are ridiculous because of the news they are withholding from him.

Perhaps surpassing Albin Skoda is the young captain, played by Oskar Werner, idealistic, yet ruthless as his training has taught him to be, he is believable and human, and as well as being able to act, has a pleasant appearance.

Lotie Tobisch has a small part as Eva Braun, who was married

to Hitler just before their joint suicide, and her reality in the face of the hopelessness of the situation suggests deep feeling for the strange man to whom she has given her devotion.

There are many clever touches—the macabre drunken dancing of a cancan worker in the underground bunkers as the last hours approach, the feeling of actually being in a city under bombardment that is so well caught in one scene, and the dreadful silence of the flooded underground subways under which, one realises, lie the bodies of hundreds of men, women and children drowned by Hitler's senseless order to release the waters of the river.

"The Last Act" does not allow one to forget it easily.

The Red Herring

Stephen Boyd is worth watching. He is a new personality introduced in "The Man Who Never Was" and will appeal to susceptible females to a greater degree than will the usually seductive Gloria Grahame to the males.

I'm sorry to say she looks rather untidy in this picture. I've admired her greatly in the past—her kles or kill methods with the predatory male has been guaranteed to bring to life the duller film. But in this picture even her ingenuity has been overtaxed.

There's scant reason for her appearance in the picture; apparently she has realised this and has adopted a bystander's attitude towards her part.

If Gloria Grahame is to drop, Webb is an integral part of "The Man Who Never Was". It is his brain that has conceived the idea of planting a body in the sea where the enemy will find it, complete with top secret documents purporting to cover plans for a sea landing in Greece. The fact that they constitute a red herring and that the real landing is to be made in Sicily is the whole point of the picture. Will the

enemy be taken in, or will they smell a dead fish?

A great deal of the book dealt with the intricate preparations for the hoax and personalities were involved only when absolutely necessary. To create more action, in the picture the enemy are made to seem less glib than they were. The book, which is based on fact, made no mention of any suspicion by the enemy; they swallowed the bait completely. But in the film, for added spice, there is an Irish agent in the pay of the enemy who comes to London to sniff out the possibility of the body being a "plant". This is the part taken by Stephen Boyd.

Clifton Webb's portrayal of the major who controls Operation Mincement is good and completely different from his Mr. Belvedere roles. This is an exciting picture.

Censored

"La Tour de Nesle" has quite obviously received the attention of the censor's scissors, but even so it runs for almost two hours, and in common with many French pictures, still succeeds in being too long.

It is based on a story by the famous writer of rambling tales, Alexandre Dumas, and as usual pivots on the careless habit of mislaying children that was possessed by the titled gentry of the 13th century.

Silvana Pampanini is the leading lady—Louis X's Queen Margaret, daughter of the Duke of Burgundy, and her appearance is very lovely.

Pierre Brasseur too, in spite of being on the plump side, has an interesting face and plays his part with gusto.

The photography could have been more imaginative and the sets are only too obviously manufactured; however, the colour is good.

A working knowledge of French is almost essential to understand the plot, for in many places the subtitles for one sequence have been tacked on to those of the previous ones, with odd results.

For the rest, I suppose cinemagoers who like that sort of thing might be drawn to the picture in the hope of seeing how much the censor has allowed in the way of orgies, but even they may be disappointed.

New Films

At A Glance
SHOWING

HOOPER AND LIBERTY: "The Swan" A princess, a prince, and a commoner, Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness, Louis Jourdan.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "La Tour de Nesle" Excesses at Louis X's Court. Pierre Brasseur, Silvana Pampanini.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Stranger on Horseback" A western. Joel McCrea, John Carradine.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Last Act" Outstanding film of Hitler's last ten days.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Man Who Never Was" A war story. Clifton Webb, Gloria Grahame.

COMING

HOOPER AND LIBERTY: "The Tender Trap" A musical. Frank Sinatra, Debbie Reynolds.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Champagne Safari" Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan on holiday in Africa. "Female on the Beach" Romantic drama a la Crawford. Joan Crawford, Jeff Chandler.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Top Gun" A western. Sterling Hayden, Karen Boehl.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Intermezzo" A re-issue of the Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard picture. "One Man Mutiny" The 1926 court martial of America's General Mil. Charles Clifton, Charles Clifton.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "On the Threshold of Space" US Air Force experiments with high speed machines. Guy Madison, Virginia Leith.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

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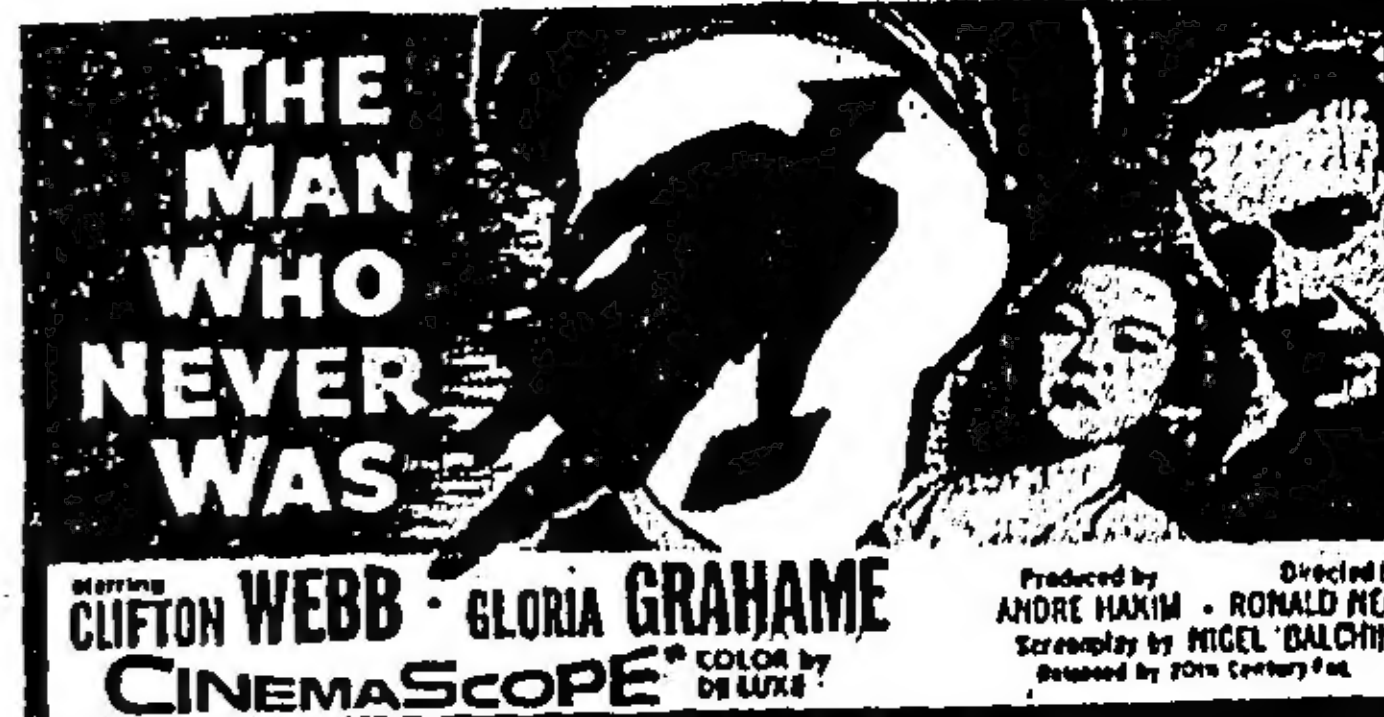
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THE STRANGEST MILITARY HOAX OF WORLD WAR III



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Produced by ANDRE HAYEN · Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

ELEPHANTS MAKE 'EM SIT UP



One Commandeered A Bed UGANDA WARDENS KEEP ALERT

Kampala, Uganda.

So you think monkeys are the only ones to get up to tricks? Well, elephants can be pretty playful too.

Uganda's Game Report throws a new light on the behaviour of calves — and on one "little" fellow who took advantage of his bulk to give a game warden several sleepless nights.

NEW LINE IN NESTS

Perth.

One rattle in Busselton, Western Australia should not be cold this winter. The nest is lined with a pair of first quality nylon stockings.

One day last week, Mrs. J. R. Pickersgill pegged the freshly washed nylon on her line.

Some hours later she saw the stockings had gone. The pegs were on the ground.

A neighbour who saw the theft explained:

The rattle perched on the line, picked up the pegs, and flew into a tree with the stockings.

Busy, Busy Eden Line

London.

Scores of televisioners rang WHI 6422 one night last week hoping for a chat with the Prime Minister.

In a televised version of Charles Morgan's play, "The Burning Glass," one of the actors said: "Should you be threatened, ring Whitehall 6422, give the code number 1785, then the code word 'Curly Hair' and you will be put straight through to the Prime Minister."

Viewers who dialled the magic number were answered at the Whitehall end by Mr. George Clifton, duty officer in the Cabinet Office.

When a reporter phoned WHI 6422 he said: "I shall have to make a report about this in the morning. This is a very important office. The number should not be publicised like that."

Eye Priorities

Chicago.

An expert on blindness said last week that Americans spend four times more a year on eye cosmetics than on research into eye diseases.

Dr. Franklin Foote, Executive Director for the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, made the estimate at the Society's sight saving conference.

Dr. Foote said 27,000 Americans went blind last year, bringing the nation's blind population to 334,000. He predicted that 750,000 Americans now living could expect to go blind before they died. —United Press.

Now Britain Makes—Wing of the Future

London.

Britain has developed a revolutionary new type of aircraft wing that will permit huge weight reductions in jet airliners of the future.

The new wing, called "laminar flow," has thousands of tiny holes punched in its surface,

Some of the engine power is used to suck through the holes the layer of "sticky" air that clings to wing surfaces, the greatest cause of resistance to flight.

One report said the new wing cuts the drag of an aircraft by 80 per cent. This would permit the designing of much lighter

planes than those now used in long distance flights.

The "radical new" wing was invented by Gustav Lachmann, a German designer who now is Chief of Scientific Research for Handley-Page. Reports said it already has been tested in flight with sensational results. —United Press.

—Hmm! The Very Idea!



Put on my cap, 'e says. Put on my specs, 'e says. What's 'e think I am? A bloomin' monkey? Mr Jiggs scowls. But the 22-stone London Zoo orang-outang and his keeper, Mr William Peckett, are really the best of friends.

THE END OF THE ROAD AFTER 2,268 YEARS

Archaeologists Want To Probe

The Secrets Of The Appian Way

Rome.

The famed Appian Way, over which Roman legions and American jeeps have passed may soon be retired after 2,268 years of service.

The threat comes not so much from its age—it is still less bumpy than many newer roads—but from archaeologists who want to explore the secrets of its construction.

For the last year and a half, a long segment of the road has been closed to accommodate the diggers. Now reports have spread that the Government does not plan to put that part of the road back into use at all, and many Romans are already protesting.

Romans are probably even more enthusiastic about the road today than they were when it was built in 312 B.C. by an engineer named Appius Claudius Cæcus.

The Romans of that day had good reason to be pleased. Appius' road ran straight as an arrow toward the rich Greek cities of southern Italy, which small but ambitious Rome coveted.

Hardly was the last stone laid when Roman legions were marching south to conquer the Greek cities, and carts soon were rumbling back over the Via Appia with the spoils. Rome was on the way to becoming a great power.

As the years passed, the legions gave way to rich chariots carrying the Emperors to their villas south of Rome.

And legend says that a Galilean Jew named Peter fled

along the same road from his persecutors in Rome.

Peter's Vision

About a half mile south of the city, Peter suddenly had a vision of Jesus, coming the other way along the Via Appia. Lord, where goest thou? asked Peter.

I am returning to be crucified again, said Jesus.

Asheamed by his cowardice, Peter turned and went back along the Appian Way to Rome, where he was crucified himself upside down.

Later thousands of Romans, both to aged patricians and half-naked slaves, crept along the Appian Way to the catacombs where they worshipped the Jewish carpenter's son, made known to them by Peter.

Over the centuries, the Appian Way faithfully served both peasants with their sheep and soldiers with their cannon. During World War II, Allied troops chased the retreating Germans and Italian Fascists. The trucks of both sides rumbled over the same stones that Appius' slaves had laid more than two millennia earlier.

Sheep Graze

With this record of service, Romans are unanimous in honouring the Regatta Viarum (Queen of roads), and any threat to it is likely to provoke a hot controversy.

Only two years ago, the people of Rome got the Government to stop people from piling up brilliant new villas along the road on the grounds the buildings were unworthy of the Via Appia.

Travellers along the Via Appia today see a wealth of ancient ruins, including tombs, temples and viaducts. They may also see the church built on the legendary spot where Peter had his vision of Christ.

And here there are docks of sheep, which look up curiously at passers-by as they have for the last two thousand years. —United Press.

Paper Underwear For Men?

Boston.

Generals and Privates may have something in common in the U.S. Army of the future. Both will be wearing paper underwear.

Miss Lois V. Hans, Chief of the Paper Section of the Army's Quartermaster Research and Development Command, says the Army is "toying with the idea."

"You can see that paper underwear would be really practical where there are laundry problems," she said. "In combat for example, they could be just thrown away instead of being washed."

AND TENTS

The new paper look in clothes is on display at the New Methods and Patents Exhibit which opened in Boston last month.

It includes paper socks, cardboard tents, paper sleeping bags and paper blankets. The tent is made up of eight sections and has room for eight.

Miss Hans said it would be a boon in time of disaster when emergency housing units were needed quickly.

"The paper tent survived a simulated tropical downpour for six hours and showed greater insulating qualities than other types of tents," she said.

AND CHAIRS

"Economy wise, it's only a fraction of the cost of manufacturing tents of other materials."

The display also showed a radiation fallout suit made of paper, cardboard chairs and desks. Miss Hans said they could be packed and transported easily.

"We are also working on paper nurses uniforms," she said. "They can be thrown away after the nurse has worked in a contagious ward." —United Press.

SHE SAVED WARRIOR DOG FROM DEATH

Portsmouth.

BASHER, a tough black Staff-bord bull terrier, would have died if it had not been for the devotion of his playmate Jane, another bull terrier.

For four years he had protected her—ought off other dogs in fearsome battles. Two weeks ago the two dogs romped away from their home at Knowle Hospital, Fareham, Hampshire.

They ran into one of their favourite playgrounds at Fontley Woods. There Basher found some sport in the form of a badger. He fought and chased the badger down his hole. And his sturdy frame got stuck. Basher, his face badly bitten by the badger, was unable to back out or get farther in.

7-DAY VIGIL

But Jane was not leaving him to die. She scratched and dug her way towards him. After many hours of patient pawing she freed the badly injured dog. With Jane by his side, Basher stumbled into a disused shed.

And so began Jane's hungry seven-day vigil. She could have gone for food, but she stayed guard over the wounded Basher.

Mr. William Wild, who lives opposite, found the dogs, thin and starving, and took them back to their owner, Mrs. Galbraith.

Letters From 1945

Bonn.

Welfare authorities in West Germany are still trying to deliver letters from German servicemen written in the last weeks of the last war to people living in parts of Germany now administered by Russia and Poland.

Many such letters have been delivered during the last ten years as the new homes of the people to whom they were addressed became known. —China Mail Special.

New Job For Ambassador's Daughter

Washington.

Cynthia Makins, 20-year-old daughter of Sir Roger Makins, Britain's Ambassador to the U.S., has been picked as Britain's "flying ambassador."

She has been chosen to act as air hostess in the British-engineered version of the American Convair airliner which goes on a U.S. sales tour in August.

Miss Makins, who works with the British Joint Services Mission in Washington, declines to discuss the invitation until she gets it officially in writing.

She and her twin sister Molly, who also works over here, are



Cynthia Makins

irresistibly popular in Washington and have travelled widely in America.

The Convair, fitted with British Napier-Eland propeller-turbine engines, is claimed to be the fastest short-haul airliner in the world.

A leading London aviation correspondent says: Napier's conversion of the Convair is a bold export gamble.

Conversion from piston engines to the new Eland will cost American operators around £100,000 for each airliner. But the increased performance, it is claimed, will make enough profit to take care of this in 18 months.

There are more than 300 piston-engined Convairs in use. So the gamble could pay off handsomely.

'Healing Lake' For Cripples

Regina.

Little Manitou Lake, is to become a permanent camp this year for Saskatchewan's crippled children and adults.

The Indians believed that the mineral waters of the lake possessed great healing powers. —United Press.



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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



BRITISH society wedding of the year so far took place in the village of Holkham, Norfolk, when Mr Colin Tennant, elder son of Lord Glenconner, married Lady Anne Coke, elder daughter of the Earl of Leicester. After spending two hours shaking hands with guests, the couple left for a year-long honeymoon in Paris, Cuba and the USA. (Express)



THE same day Uncles B and K left Claridges Hotel, London, the red flag of the USSR was replaced at the flagstaff by the white, green and black standard of Jordan. This was to honour young Prince Hassan of Jordan, seen here with Wold Cub Terence Mander after being presented with a Cub's belt and whistle. (Express)



THOUSANDS of East Europeans living in Britain marched through the streets of London protesting against the visit of Soviet leaders Bulganin and Krushchev. They ended up at the Cenotaph in Whitehall, where a wreath of red and white carnations was placed by General Anders, chief of the Free Polish Army during World War Two. (Express)



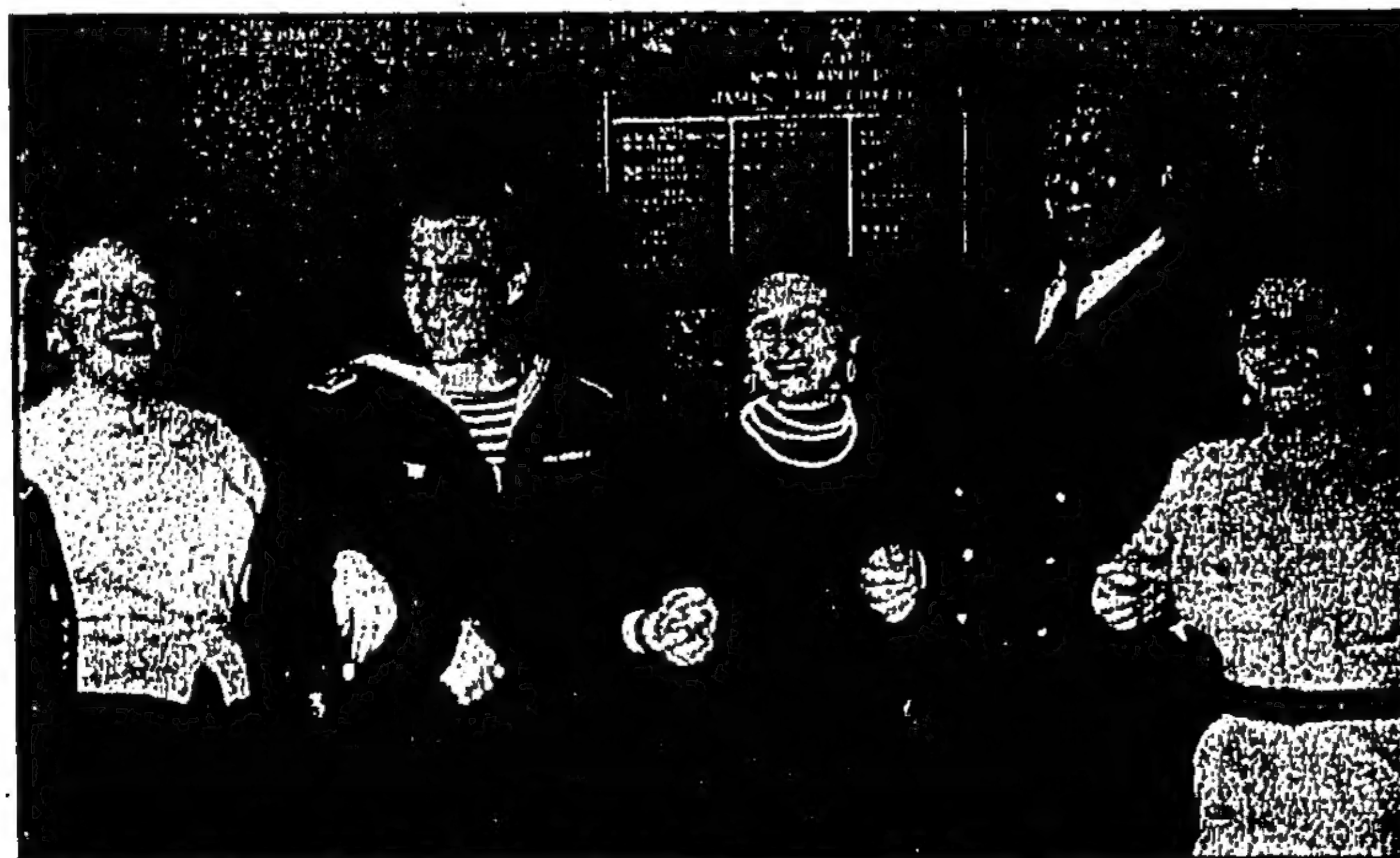
PICTURE taken in Windsor Great Park shows the Queen's two children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, out riding with their mother on her 30th birthday. The two Royal children are keen riders, taking after the Queen. (Express)



RIGHT: Vicky Gross of London, 18-year-old schoolgirl, became friendly with a Pakistani classmate three years ago and started attending the local mosque. Now she is an accepted practising Moslem, with the full permission of her parents. This picture of Vicky was made on the first day of Ramadan, the fasting month, when she fasted from dawn to sunset. (Express)



SIR Winston Churchill, a bricklayer by hobby (he has a union card), spreads the cement when laying the foundation stone for the new building in Holborn of Cassell's, the publishers. Then he went on to lunch to celebrate the publication of his book, "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples." (Express)



BEING entertained Cockney-style in a pub in London's Hackney district are two sailors from the cruiser which took Messrs B and K to England—Midshipman Glinady Nosov and Commander Vladimir Novikov. It was a merry evening; the Russians joining in the dancing of the Lambeth Walk, the Hakey-Cokey and the Palais Glide. Novikov is weightlifting and wrestling champion of the Russian Baltic Fleet. (Express)



TWELVE-year-old Peter de Marffy-Mantuano, freed by Hungary after his mother had cabled an appeal to the Kremlin leaders, reunited with his parents in London. Peter's father, a diplomat, fled Hungary with his wife in 1948. He thanked the newspapers for the publicity given to this case of a boy held as a political hostage. (Express)

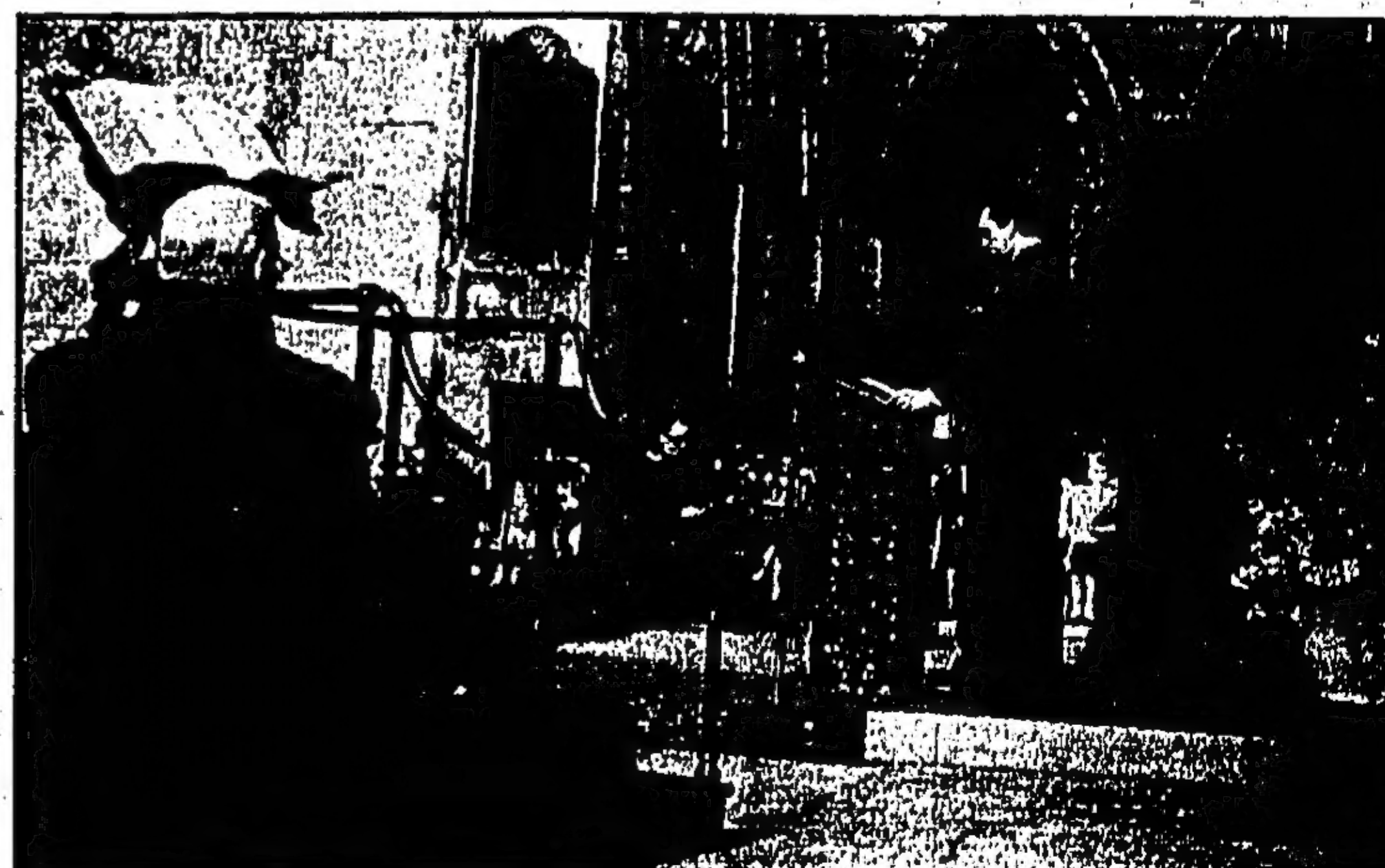


RIGHT: Nikki, two-month-old Russian bear cub presented to Princess Anne by the visiting Russian leaders, now weighs 15 lbs, but will grow to about six feet and 600-600 lbs. Feeding time for Nikki at the London Zoo. (Express)

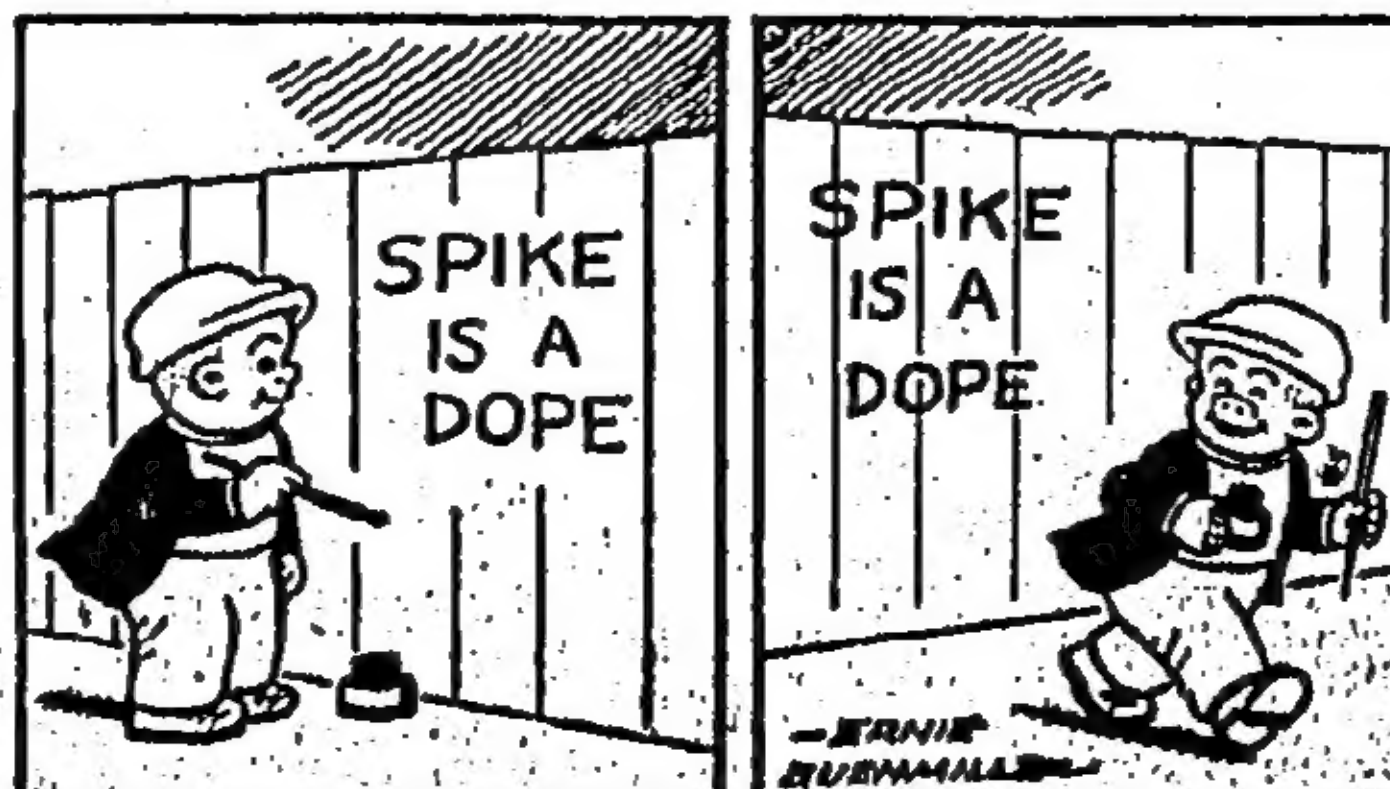


PRESENTATION of a new Pipe Banner to the Gurkha Signals at St James's Palace, London, by HRH the Princess Royal. Lt-Col L. H. M. Gregory holds the new Banner. (Army News)

BELOW: Actor Richard Burton reading a speech from "Henry V" during a thanksgiving service held at London's Southwark Cathedral to mark Shakespeare's birthday. (Express)



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

ROWNTREES



Behind the riots and strikes that rock Aden, the important British bunkering station at the southern end of the Red Sea, is a story of Arab political intrigue, say British business men. Now read on . . .

The Men Who Have Turned To Nasser

From COLIN LAWSON

Aden
THROUGH the Arab quarter, past yelled women, roaming goats, and chewing camels I walked to a hole-like office between a cobbler's shop and an Indian tailor advertising cotton suits "as worn by Sid Eden."

A cow moved obligingly to let me enter—and editor of "Al Bath," Aden's rabble-rousing anti-British paper, bowed.

Minutes later he led me to the owner of the paper and the driving force behind the United National Front—the ready-made political party which vows to kick Britain out.

THE HATRED

Smooth, light mahogany-skinned Mohamed Salem Ali Abdoo, of the sad eyes, is the son of Aden's richest Arab. His right-hand man is Mustafa Refat, big and burly with a valuable nose of all non-Arabs. Refat was employed for 10 years by the British Government in Aden Protectorate.

He was assistant political adviser in the eastern protectorate, responsible for collecting political intelligence. He transferred to the western protectorate in the same job.

He was cautioned for drunkenness and finally was fired 18 months ago.

These two—Abdoo and Refat—are the real power behind the strikes.

Four thousand strikers paralysed docks, buses, taxis, and a huge building project at the nearby £45,000,000 British Petroleum refinery.

Said Mohamed: "We demand freedom now. Aden has been exploited by Britain since it became a Colony 117 years ago. 'Rascally' people and poverty-stricken, and the only way to overcome it is to force self-government. We shall triumph."

THE LEAD

I asked how—and Mustafa Refat's eyes gleamed. He said: "Any action we take will have the full support of General Nasser, our leader. He commands us as he commands all the Arab world, and the West is making a great mistake in not realising his power."

"We follow his lead and to hell with foreigners."

I said: "But look round and see the monument Aden is to British development and initiative. A thriving commercial Colony carved from bare rock and arid sands and now handling 22,000,000 tons of shipping yearly. Do you feel you owe nothing to Britain?"

Said Refat: "We have lived an oppressed life for so many years our conscience is quite clear."

The final Nationalist aim is not only to kick Britain out of Aden but also from the Protectorate.

This consists of 21 self-ruling sheikhdoms. The Nationalists want to forge the whole into one Southern Arabian State.

Refat's final word: "You ask me how we shall achieve our aims. I'll tell you to look at Egypt, Burma, and Morocco."



"When he grows up I hope you'll tell him it was your idea to call him Kelly Montague Carlo Smith."

London Express Service

Continuing THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

By COLIN HOWARD

How Mr Matthew Hopkins, an Ipswich lawyer, conducted his dreadful mission in four English Counties



WITCH-HUNTER EXTRAORDINARY

Probed with pins

HOPKINS offered his services to assist in discovering these enemies to society, and professed to find the Devil's mark on a number of unfortunate against whom information had been laid by nervous and public-spirited citizens.

In "The Lawes Against Witchcraft," published in 1645 an expert of the day explains that "The Devil leaveth upon their bodies marks sometimes like a blew spot. And on the meaneer proselytes the Devil fixes in some secret part of their body a mark as his seal to know his own by. The part so stamped doth for ever after remain visible, and doth not bleed, though ever so much pricked or nipped by thrusting into it a pin, awl, or bodkin."

This Devil's mark, therefore, provided irrefutable evidence of guilt. All that the witch-hunters had to do was locate it. Hop-

kins caused the accused person

brought before him for trial to be stripped and seated cross-legged upon a table or stool. As a rule it was necessary to tie them in the desired posture with cords. Then, with long pins, he probed indefatigably for the insensitive spot.

Sometimes he would return again and again to one area until it was so numbed with pain that it could feel no more, and there was no reaction from the subject under interrogation. Verdict—Guilty.

Or sometimes he would have recourse to one particular pin. All the pins in his armoury were specially made for him, but this pin had been made very specially indeed. It was a tiny version of the retractable stage-sword. The point, appearing to enter the flesh, was actually thrust back painlessly into the upper part of his system was foolproof.

Hopkins' success in unmasking the Manningtree witches led to a vast expansion of his business. He took on two assistants, a man and a woman. The former brought more grist to the mill by acting as hangman after a condemnation, and received a fee of one shilling per execution. Doubtless Hop-

kins made sure of getting his cut out of this, for the fee was chargeable to the town or village under examination. It is recorded that Aldeborough paid the man 11s for that number of hangings.

£1 a visit

MATTHEW Hopkins now conferred on himself the title of Witchfinder-General, and with his staff, toured Suffolk, Huntingdonshire, Essex and Norfolk with almost as much state as a judge on circuit. He stayed invariably at the best inn in the town, the authorities who consulted him settling the bill and his entire travelling expenses. His flat fee for a visitation was £1, with a bonus of £1 per head for every witch, male or female, brought to execution through his exertions.

In his most lucrative year he showed a turnover of £60 in bonuses alone. He was not without his detractors. What public benefactor is? A clergyman named Gaul, of Gaule, of Houghton, in Huntingdonshire, was the most active. Gaul published on witchcraft a denouncing Hopkins and accusing him of being "a common nuisance."

This may be considered an understatement, but it roused the ire of the Witchfinder-General, who wrote a stiff letter to the Houghton authorities stating that he had received an invitation to visit the town, and he intended to come, although he had heard "the minister of the place through ignorance was against him."

Did Houghton, inquired Hopkins ironically, "afford many sticklers for such cattiness?" (i.e. witch-supporters). And would Houghton give him "good welcome and entertainment as other towns had done where he had been?" If not, Hopkins

were executed. On his way to the crossroads where the gallows was erected he asked that the burial service might be read to him. Denied this Louis struck firmly to his death, rejecting the service himself from memory.

Trial by pins was not Hopkins' only test. He also favoured trial by water, as warmly recommended by James the First in his standard work on "Demonology." Suspected persons were trussed with hands and feet tied crosswise—thumb of left hand to big-toe of right foot, big-toe of left foot to thumb of right hand. They were then enveloped in a blanket and placed on their back in deep water. If they floated they were guilty. If they sank they were exonerated—posthumously.

Other witch-finders used different methods. The supposed witch would be ordered to recite the Lord's Prayer and Creed, a feat, naturally, beyond the powers of anyone in league with the Devil. A single syllable mispronounced was enough.

A witch might be weighed against the church bible; if the bible won in the balance—guilty again. Or she might be goaded to weeping, when her tears would be narrowly watched. It was believed that a witch could weep from the left eye alone, and only three tears at that. Hopkins probably considered these tests too humane. Anyway, he always held that pricking and swimming were the most reliable.

Trade fell

THE Witchfinder-General flourished for three years. In Essex and Suffolk alone he "proved" no fewer than 200 witches, most of whom perished.

But in 1647 trade began to fall off, not because Hopkins was running short of witches—with his methods that was impossible—but because he was running short of mugs. So, with fewer and fewer engagements, he turned to authorship, and he published a number of pamphlets on his pet subject.

The last of these appeared in 1677. It was a text-book entitled, "The Discovery of Witches. In answer to Several Queries lately delivered to the County of Norfolk and now published by MATTHEW HOPKINS, The Witchfinder-General, for the Benefit of THE WHOLE KINGDOM."

Hopkins' end came a month or two later. Gilbert's Mikado himself could not have devised a more fitting one.

Long before Hopkins had boasted that no witch could escape him because he had in his possession a list of all the witches in England. This priceless document had been the property of the Devil. Hopkins claimed that he had, with his shrewd legal knowledge, cheated the Devil out of it.

Tables turned

ARRIVING one day on business at a small Suffolk village he found the labouring tithes the villagers declared that since he discovered witches not by God's aid but by the Devil's, then he must be a witch himself. Profiling by his own teaching, they stripped him, lashed his thumbs to his toes, lavied him in a blanket and launched him on the pond.

Whether he cleared his name by sinking guiltlessly to the bottom and there drowning honourably without a blip on his name, or whether, as some say, he ignominiously floated and was dragged ashore to his execution is a matter of doubt.

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By LORD ALTRINCHAM:

WHY I REFUSE TO SIT IN THE LORDS

SOMEWHERE in India there is a man driving a train who could sit in the House of Lords.

He could, if he chose, establish his right to be a peer of the United Kingdom.

In fact he is content to be an Indian, and to drive his engine.

His peerage has become dormant, but his case illustrates the urgent need to reform the House of Lords.

Even where peerages are not dormant the peers themselves in general are so far from legislation is concerned.

This is just as well, because it does not follow that when a man inherits a peerage he will be fit to take part in politics.

Most peers recognise this fact and stay away, leaving the business of the House to those who have the necessary knowledge and experience.

Lord Altrincham, 32-year-old second baron whose father (as Sir Edward Gigg) was an Under-Secretary for War, announced last week he could not take his seat in the Lords "under existing conditions." Here, he explains his reasons.

But in the present state of affairs there are too few active members. Of those peers who have qualifications some are too old to attend while others who have their livings to earn, and their families to keep, are unable to give unpaid service in Parliament.

Rich or stupid

OUT of 600 or so potential members, barely a hundred come to the House of Lords with any regularity.

If the present trend continues, and if the House is not reformed, it will soon con-

sist of a few rich and a few stupid.

What, then, should be done? Briefly, it is this. First, the principle should be laid down that a man does not automatically become entitled to a seat in the House of Lords when he inherits a U.K. peerage. From among the U.K. peers a limited number should be chosen, as Lords of Parliament, either through election by their fellow peers or through direct nomination by the Crown (acting on the Prime Minister's advice).

Pay them

PEERS who were not chosen would be free to vote in national elections, and to stand for the House of Commons. Secondly, the principle of life peerages, which applies only to the Law Lords, should be extended.

Rightly or wrongly many people have a prejudice against hereditary houses.

In particular, if it were possible to become life peers, many more Socialists and Trade Unionists would be ready to join.

Finally, it is only fair that women should be eligible.

It goes without saying that the members of a reformed House of Lords would have to be paid. Even peers are entitled to receive the rate for the job.

But it would be folly to introduce any system of payment until the House is reformed.

The Government has a clear duty to reform the House. If there is any further delay, the opportunity will have gone for ever.

Through timidity, blindness, and inertia we shall have lost a Second Chamber whose traditions and procedure make it undoubtedly the best in the world.

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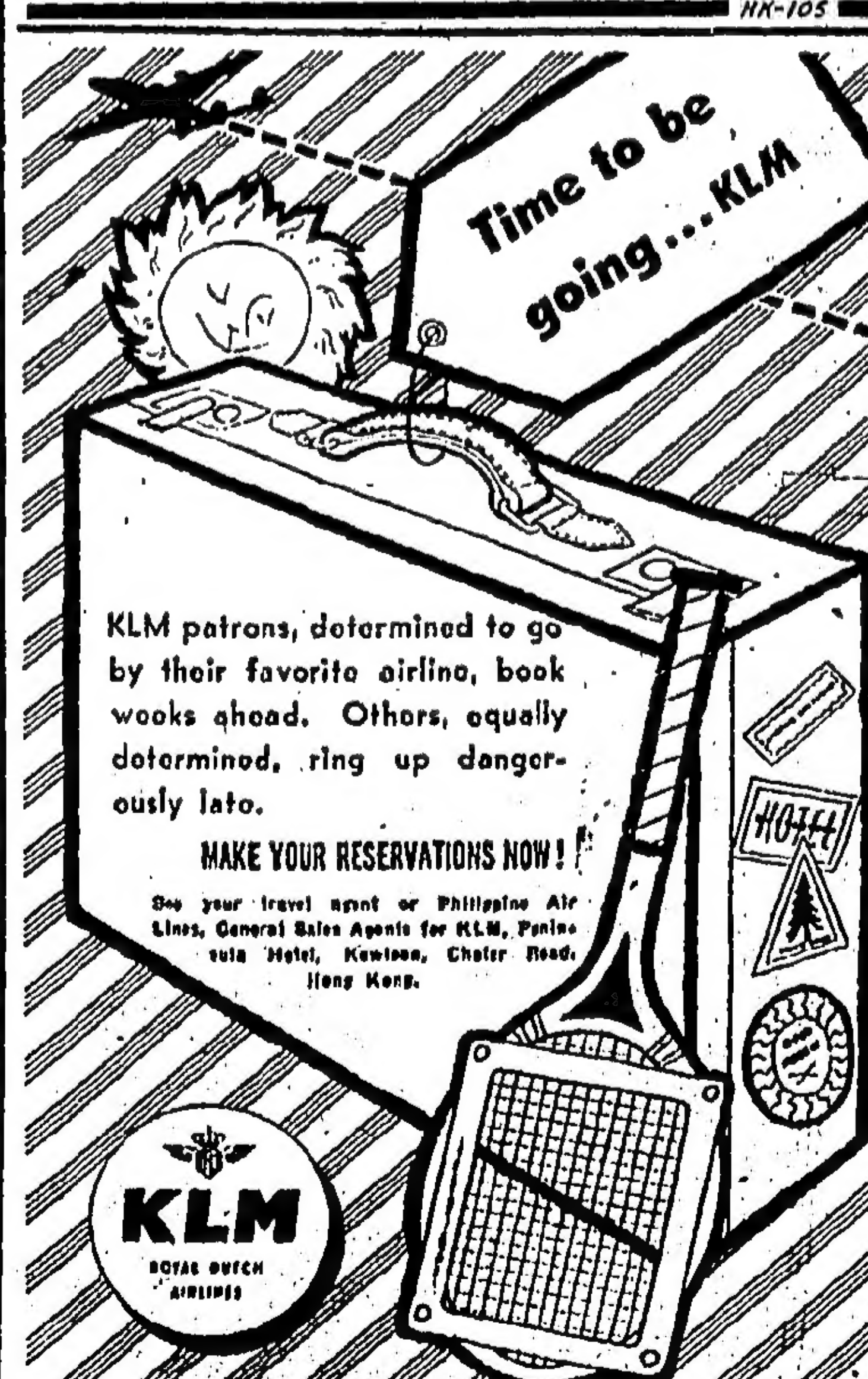


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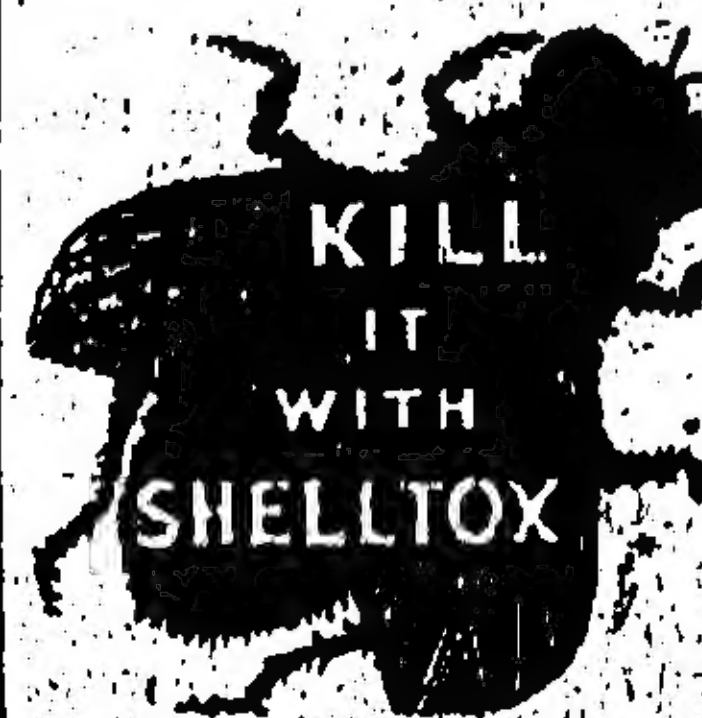
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SOAPY WATER

IS GOOD FOR PLANTS:

USE BATH SURPLUS IN THE GARDEN.

WATER IS PRECIOUS



KILL IT WITH SHELLTOX

Communism In Convulsions

By MAURICE MANNING

THE impact of Mr. Krushchev's denunciation of Stalin was more violent in the Soviet Union than in the outside world. The Russian people were suffering the destruction of a creed; elsewhere, after initial surprise at the timing and magnitude of the exposure, it was seen as confirmation of the truth of past assessments of life behind the Iron Curtain.

Mr. Krushchev chose the XXth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in February 1956 to cast his bombshell. He told of terrible years of tyranny, suggesting that all this time, while he ably served Stalin and received his benefactions, he was in fact opposed to his leader's policy. If this were so, he acted his part superbly.

Demigration of a preceding regime is not new in Communist politics. Stalin himself repudiated Trotsky and hounded

"suspicion, terror and fear," in the three years since Stalin's death.

It still has the most powerful secret police organization the world has ever known. Backed by a legal system in which the rights of the individual are subjected to the needs of the State, the influence of the police network permeates every aspect of daily life in the Soviet Union.

Its head is General Serov, the man responsible for the mass deportations from the Baltic States and for the obliteration of many other peoples. He sent thousands to death in the wastes of Siberia and Central Asia. And it was he who supervised the employment of slave labour on the Volga Don canal.

Have the forced labour camps been emptied? Have the people any say in their government? Are free contacts allowed with the outside world? Is the Communist grip on the satellites any less crippling?

There is no fundamental change. The ruthless regime which kept Stalin in power still exists, behind the blind smiles and honeyed phrases of "collective leadership."

Mr. Krushchev is reported to have said that Stalin was ruled by a mixture of persecution mania and gross conceit. Yet at the XIXth Party Congress, in October 1952 the same Mr. Krushchev was able to declare: "Long live the wise leader of the Party of the people, the inspirer and organiser of all our victories, Comrade Stalin."

Mr. Krushchev differs in at least one respect from his discredited master. Stalin was candid in his contempt for the free world. Mr. Krushchev proclaims his desire for friendship with it.

No responsible statesman today would reject any overture, however phoney, which promised a step along the path to peace. But it is obviously important to understand what is meant by the friendship of the Soviet Union. What is true today may be false tomorrow. (COPYRIGHT)

Demigration of a previous regime is not new in Communist politics, writes Manning. "Stalin himself repudiated Trotsky and hounded him to his death. Ultimately thousands were slaughtered to make sure that no vestige of the old leader's influence remained. Stalin would brook no subsequent opposition and, after numerous purges, an aura of omniscience enveloped him."

Today he has been demystified by a trusted colleague, and charged with numerous crimes, from murder downwards. Mr. Krushchev seems to have overlooked the fact that if he succeeds in destroying the Stalinist legend he will surely condemn himself.

He is reported to have accused Stalin of cowardice during the war. At one stage of the speech members cried: "Why didn't you kill him?" Among the strong, resolute and often unscrupulous men whom Stalin was said to have terrorized were those at the head of the Services, the Police, and the Party. They were, Krushchev now makes out, all afraid of losing their lives.

Mr. Krushchev condemned Stalin's purges. Yet nine months after his death, Berlin (head of the dreaded police apparatus) and many of his adherents were executed. A year later the execution of Abakumov, former head of the political police, was announced. In November 1955 six senior Georgian officials and many of their supporters met a similar fate.

How much has changed in the Communist bloc, this isolated world which Mr. Krushchev would have us believe is now being delivered from a reign of

I SHOULD have known better than to visit the fete at all, but Molly said we ought to drop in for a few minutes. Drop in was right. I dropped right in. Within five minutes, I found myself in charge of a sort of white elephant stall called "The Treasure Chest," because poor old Mrs. Grey hadn't felt up to taking it over. Wise old Mrs. Grey.

"THE very man for the job!" boomed the vicar's wife, tearing my new blazer off my back and handing me a moth-eaten old velvet jacket. "Dressed for the part, you'll take pounds and pounds," she roared, brushing aside my

Concluding THE VENGEANCE OF PRIVATE POOLEY . . . adapted from the book by CYRIL JOLLY

Pooley (centre) and O'Callaghan at the Hamburg trial.



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THE STORY SO FAR

FOR six days the British war crimes court in Hamburg has listened to the case against S.S. officer Fritz Knoechlein. He is charged with the murder of British prisoners of war at Le Paradis, in the north of France, in May 1940. Out of 99 officers and men of the Royal Norfolk Regiment who were shot down in a field by German machine guns, only two men survived—Albert Pooley and William O'Callaghan. Pooley, who was badly wounded, vowed to avenge his comrades. Because no one would believe their story he returned to Le Paradis in 1946 to establish the details of the crime. An official investigation followed his visit, and the trial of Knoechlein opened on October 11, 1948.

ANERVOUS twitch helped to bring Knoechlein to the scaffold. It was an incriminating detail in the portrait of a guilty man, a portrait which became more and more vivid as day followed day in the crowded Hamburg courtroom.

Knoechlein was cool and collected when he entered the witness-box on the seventh day of his trial. "Did you ever suffer from a twitch of the face?" he was asked by Dr. Uhde, the defence counsel.

Everyone in court remembered the dramatic evidence of the old Frenchwoman who had been threatened, while she knelt in the mud, by a German officer with a twitching face. But Knoechlein's muscles were well under control when he answered, "No."

Later, under the cross-examination of the prosecuting

counsel, Knoechlein's composure began to wilt. Questions were asked which he could not answer.

Then the prisoner's eyes began to blink and his face to twitch. The S.S. officer, who could not control the muscles of his face when he became excited, was at bay.

His defence was a denial of everything. He had not worn a peaked cap on the fatal day, but a steel helmet and later a forage cap. He had never seen Madame Castel, far less threatened her. He had never been at the scene of the crime.

Fatal period

Why then should Theodor Enke, a machine-gun section commander in his own battalion, testify that he had seen Knoechlein there? Knoechlein could think of no reason.

But if Knoechlein was not in the field of murder when the prisoners were shot, where was he? True, eight years had

passed. But it was an important day in his life, and he should have been able to remember. He knew what he had been doing all the rest of the day, because he had two special reasons for remembering.

This was the fatal period when the prisoners were butchered. If Knoechlein was not in the meadow, planning the massacre, ordering the guns to fire, where was he? His answers were extremely vague.

He was forced to admit that he had been very near the scene of the shooting. Yet he claimed he had heard nothing about it until the next day, and then only vague rumours. It was supposed to be a reprisal for alleged irregularities in the British methods of fighting.

Knoechlein said he reported these irregularities to the battalion commander and included some rounds of dum-dum ammunition which had been found by his men.

Three times the prosecuting counsel asked him if he felt anger or resentment at the way the British were supposed to have fought. Each time Knoechlein made a little speech, but would not answer yes or no. In the end, he said he felt their methods were incorrect. He would not admit to either resentment or anger.

Before Knoechlein returned to the dock he said: "I want the court to know I was a professional commissioned soldier with many years' experience. I have always been trained to accept responsibility. None of my officers or NCOs was concerned in this matter."

Evidence

Two corporals in Knoechlein's company were called to give evidence about dum-dum bullets, evidence which was vague in the extreme. And then a strange thing happened. Into the witness box, to give evidence for the defence, stepped

a British officer who had been captured at Le Paradis during the same battle.

Captain Charles William Long had been the Norfolk's battalion adjutant in 1940. The headquarters building had been hit by a shell during the fighting, and Captain Long was wounded in the head. He went outside and collapsed. When he came round he was lying in a ditch. Two of his men pulled him out. Germans were there with Tommy-guns.

"What was the treatment meted out by the Germans?" Captain Long was asked, and he replied: "In two words—extremely good."

His reply underlined the tragic irony of the events on that fatal afternoon. The wide du Paradis formed the boundary between two German battalions. Captain Long was among the prisoners who were taken or collected on the opposite side of the road. Pooley, O'Callaghan, and the others who remained in

able closing speech for the defence, picking out all the discrepancies he could find in the prosecution's case, but Mr. T. Field-Fisher, for the prosecution, showed how damning the evidence really was.

The Judge Advocate summed up on the fourth day of the trial, and the court adjourned. When it re-assembled, the accused man rose from his seat in the dock and looked across to the dais upon which the president stood.

The president looked at the man in the dock, and in a grave, measured voice, said: "The court finds you guilty of the crime of which you have been charged."

Dr. Uhde said: "May I please the court, there still remains my last task—to call evidence of my client's character."

Among the character witnesses was an S.S. General, Karl Wolff, who said he had known Knoechlein since 1933. "He was a nice young man. He knew



The question brought a flush to Knoechlein's face . . . and a violent outburst.

the farm, fell into the hands of Knoechlein's company.

Knoechlein appeared again in his true colours on the tenth day of the trial. He made a very different impression from the cool, calm, collected officer he had made himself out to be.

Colonel Scotland, who had conducted the investigation, said that Knoechlein made no reference to the use of dum-dum bullets while under examination at the London District Court. Knoechlein was now asked why he had refused to make a written statement when he was first taken there.

No reply

The question brought a flush to his face and a violent outburst. He said: "I personally and a number of my comrades were tortured in the cage in a most brutal and gruesome fashion, and refusing to make a written statement was the only means at my disposal by which I hoped to be heard by a higher authority. My personal complaint was made to Colonel Scotland, but the only result was that the torture became worse."

However, at his second visit, the treatment was good and he then made a written statement. "Why did you then not say anything about the dum-dum ammunition?" "The way the conversation was handled by Colonel Scotland had such a conciliatory effect upon me that I did not think it would be necessary to deal with this matter in detail. I also feared that the gruesome treatment would be resumed."

"Your behaviour at the London District Court was not above reproach, was it?" asked the prosecuting counsel.

Knoechlein did not reply. Counsel then spoke of Knoechlein's language and general behaviour while in London.

"Were you in fact paraded before the whole court and publicly reprimanded by Colonel Scotland?" "Yes."

The trial was at last drawing to its close. Dr. Uhde made an

how to behave in public, and was popular and a good comrade."

When the last witness had finished Dr. Uhde stood up again. "All that is left for me to say is that some little doubt may have remained in the minds of the court which will enable the members not to award the extreme penalty. Spare the life of the accused. He has a wife and four children who are dependent upon him for support. Consider also the fact that he is a soldier."

At 3 p.m., October 25, the court re-assembled. The president commanded: "March in the accused."

Knoechlein was brought into the court and stood facing the president.

The president pronounced the fatal words: "Fritz Knoechlein, the court sentences you to death by hanging."

As he heard the sentence, the face of the accused turned grey. But he gave no other sign. A Military Policeman touched him and he turned and left the court.

The keepsake

The sentence of hanging was carried out by the British garrison at Hamburg on January 28, 1949.

Albert Pooley, the Southall post office worker, still treasures Nobby's lighter, the keepsake he took from the pocket of his murdered friend when he lay in the murder pit on May 27, 1940. But the lighter is no longer a reproach to him that nothing has been done to bring the criminal to justice. It is a reminder that, over the long, pain-racked years, a British private soldier kept faith with his dead comrades. (COPYRIGHT)

★

All instalments of "The Vengeance of Private Pooley" which have appeared in the China Mail were drawn from the book written by Cyril Jolly and published by Heinemann.

FIRST OF A NEW SATURDAY FEATURE SALES TALK

I SHOULD have known better than to visit the fete at all, but Molly said we ought to drop in for a few minutes. Drop in was right. I dropped right in. Within five minutes, I found myself in charge of a sort of white elephant stall called "The Treasure Chest," because poor old Mrs. Grey hadn't felt up to taking it over. Wise old Mrs. Grey.

"THE very man for the job!" boomed the vicar's wife, tearing my new blazer off my back and handing me a moth-eaten old velvet jacket. "Dressed for the part, you'll take pounds and pounds," she roared, brushing aside my

feeble protests. "So many pretty trinkets and really useful things on the stall . . . all that's needed is a little sales talk." She beamed at my wife. "Your husband is so witty and amusing, he'll be sold out in no time. I've brought along a few things that we use at home for characters. He'll be the success of the afternoon."

She handed me a smoking-cap and a long false beard, which were apparently going to transform me into a genuine dealer in antiques, and stood over me while I arranged my face inside them. I dared not refuse; the vicar's wife is really a tough sergeant-major dressed in women's tweeds, and looks quite capable of handing out fourteen days in the glasshouse. With a few more exhortations to work like anything and not be a naughty man, she bore off my wife to view the other delights of the fete.

Left alone and quite unable to visualise myself as witty and amusing or any kind of a success, I surveyed the stall with distaste amounting to nausea. There was a case of stuffed birds, some waxed fruit, a lot of goss china, some terrible strings of beads, a set of bagpipes, an assortment of kettles, a large teddy bear, a large framed copy of "The Death of Chevalier," an even larger one of "Bubbles," and a telescope that it was impossible to see through. These were the pick of the goods displayed; the bulk was made up of the most repulsive litter ever seen.

MY first customer was a small girl with adenoids. She wanted a birthday card. I had none and, being badly out of pocket in the long argument with the child, gave her the teddy bear to get rid of her.

Then an irritating old man with a thirst for knowledge started pestering me as to the identity or breed of the stuffed birds.

"A nightingale, a martingale, a farthingale, and a bittorn," I told him plucking up a little fighting spirit. "Never hear of a bittorn." "It booms."

"What kind of a boom?" "A booming kind of a boom. No need for an alarm in the house—it will boom punctually at any hour desired. It has a monotonous sense of humour, however, and will frequently boom at closing time in the evening."

"Now the darthingale is a much jollier sort of a bird. This one belonged to the first Queen Elizabeth." "It looks younger than you do," he said offensively. "That'll cost you another bob. Six shillings, glass case and all."

"I don't want the rubbish," he sneered. "Pay up, or I'll call the police," I hissed. He sneered again. "I'll call the vicar's wife," I threatened. My blood at fever heat. At that, he went limp with terror, and I sold him the birds and the wax fruit at ten shillings the lot.

Light-headed with success, I disposed of a lot of goss by introducing a sporting system—a penny a time, tossing double or quits, at which I broke just about even. And after furiously signing "Bottlecill" in the corner of "Bubbles," I sold it to a nice American who is staying with the Parkers—eleven and six for a single sale!

After this success, business slackened off until a large lady, upholstered in flowered chintz, doomed up and demanded the price of the necklaces.

"They vary," I answered, spreading my hands and shrugging in a manner that seemed to me to go well with the beard. "This one is three guineas, and a bargain at the price."

"Preposterous!" "Not when you know its story. It is composed entirely of human teeth, cunningly strung together on a length of Indian hemp, attractively coloured by a secret process known only to the Wackos."

"Revolt!" "On the contrary. The teeth are—were—those of Gumbo, the faithful black Mamba servant of Dr. Livingstone, who refused to betray his master, and perished in the stewpot of the treacherous Wackos. These teeth, a symbol of steadfastness and courage in the face of danger."

"But how did you get the teeth?" "Bequeathed to Stanley by a repentant Wacko chief upon his deathbed, they have now been

presented to the fete committee by the Association for the Betterment of Anglo-American Relations, Dental Section."

Surfaced with information, she recoiled away with the necklace and Nelson, thinking the latter was a picture of Gumbo's last moments. I let her have both for thirty shillings—a sacrifice at the price, but the stock had to be cleared, and it was as well to complete the bargain while the customer was under emotional stress.

Business was so brisk that I gave Armistage's little boy sixpence to take the bagpipes. I've never liked Armistage.

Unfortunately, the child formed the opinion that everything on the stall was free, and returned with several little friends. They started selling the valuable goods displayed and I was just whacking their knuckles with the telescope when old Grey tottered up.

"The wife sent me along to give a hand," he bumbled.

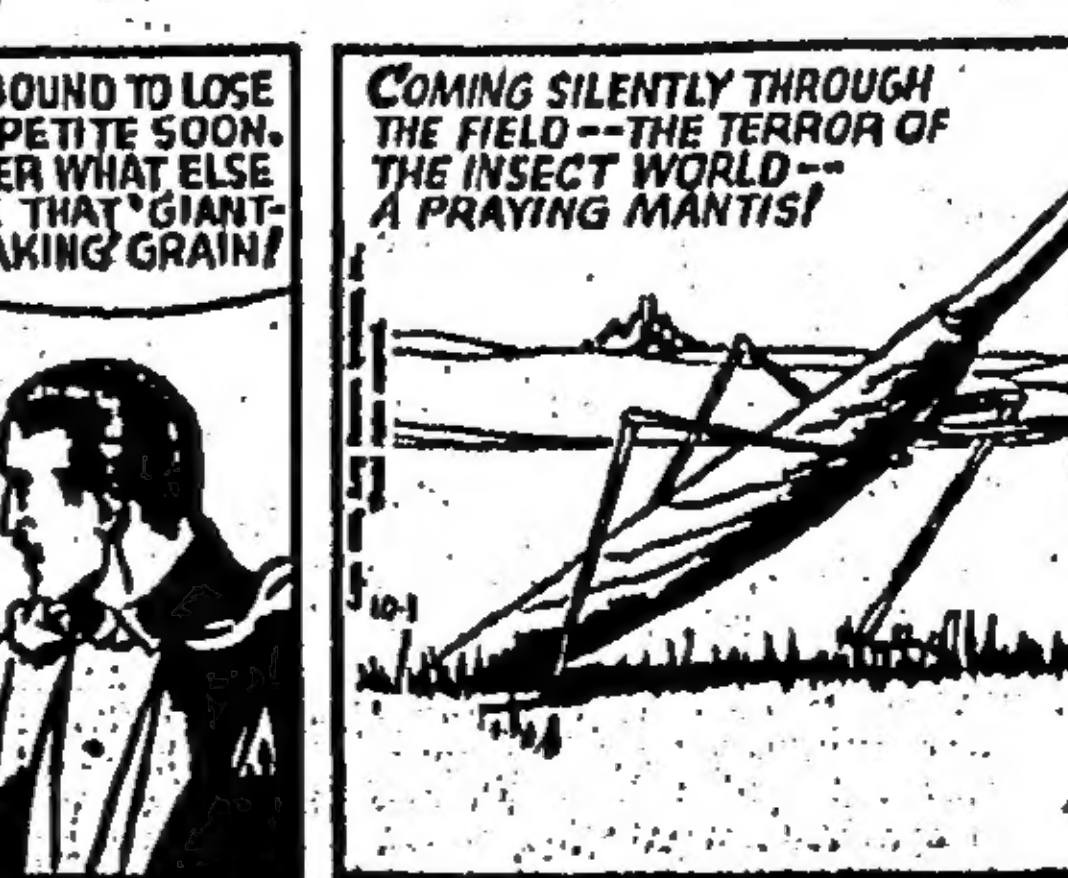
FRANTICALLY, I unhooked the whiskers and hung them on his face, banged the smoking-cap on his head and draped the jacket about him, snatched my new blazer from a would-be customer, who was offering me two shillings for it, and went in search of my wife.

"Stout work," bellowed the vicar's wife, as I handed her my takings, less ten percent. "I've been hearing how simply splendid you've been."

"Where are you off to?" asked Molly.

"I must away before the bittorns boom." "What does that mean?" "It means they open in ten minutes," I answered, and departed hotfoot to the Black Lion. (COPYRIGHT)

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



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Typical of the happiness Dylan Thomas knew at Laugharne is this picture, taken some years ago.

MRS Florence Hannah Thomas, mother of Dylan Thomas, shares the house with a friend, each having their separate quarters, and she speaks naturally, without reserve, of the family she had lost.

For her the year which ended with Dylan's death was a hard one to bear. In the previous December her husband, "Daddy," she still calls him had died in Laugharne, where they also then lived, and Dylan was beside him. A few months later, Nancy, their only daughter and older than Dylan, died in India.

Mrs Thomas, senior, is "Granny" to Caitlin Thomas and the three children of Caitlin and Dylan: Llewellyn, now 15; Aeron, the only daughter, nine, and Colin, six, all of whom bear an unmistakable resemblance to the young Dylan.

She has about her pictures of all the family. Two bookshelves are stacked high, mostly pre-war editions of the classics, especially poetry. Keats, Shelley, Byron, Browning, all are there.

David Thomas, Dylan's father, senior English master at Swansea Grammar School, was a lover of poetry who strove in his younger days to write it and was not easily reconciled to his lack of success.

'The worst'

"THEY'RE all Daddy's books," said Mrs Thomas, as we sat by the fire with her daughter-in-law, Caitlin, drinking tea and eating Welsh cakes from one of those plump old flowered biscuit tins I well remember from my own childhood. "I have some of Dylan's books somewhere. Not far from her bedside, I imagined."

A homely little Welsh woman, white-haired now, with large, intelligent eyes, I found her spectacles, but I was too after breaking a lip. About that book her voice took on an unaccustomed hardness.

"If he had been the worst man in the world, it should never have appeared now," she said. For her, it was clear, he was the best, not the worst. Dylan, I know, had a deep affection for his mother. "She is a sweet woman," he said simply to his friends.

It was Dylan now as a little boy she was seeing, as all mothers do in their lonely latter years. And it was of those days she wanted to speak. He was not a strong child, rather chesty, which no doubt was why he was rejected for military service in the war and had that awful cough.

"He was a very sensitive boy," said his mother. "I remember when he was about five I would read stories to him, and if there was anything about hospitals in them he would cry. Not if I was looking, of course, but I knew when he was crying. A very imaginative boy."

Of that there can be no doubt. Those who heard, or have read, "Reminiscences of Childhood," first broadcast in 1943 and repeated ten years later, will have an insight into

Cwmdonkin Spelt Magic for the Boy Dylan

JOHN MARSHALL

retraces the boyhood of Dylan Thomas, the poet whose life provides one of the most fascinating stories of our time

Dylan's own childhood impressions which few writers have ever conveyed.

For this black and white photograph leaves you feeling you really know the boy.

The hunchback in the park. A solitary mister. Propped between trees and water. From the opening of the garden lock. That lets the trees and waters enter. Until the Sunday sabbath bell at dark.

I sat in Cwmdonkin Park the other day, perhaps on the very seat where the hunchback sat, eating bread from his new paper, and looked around me at the only world of a small boy with a great heap of golden curls and wide, amber eyes, the world where an ancient keeper known as Smoky was the wis-

Loved sport

AT 11 Dylan went to the grammar school. He was not by any means a model pupil and was indifferent, if not weak, in every subject but English.

And, of course, the school magazine. From the start he was a regular contributor and

he later became editor. Juvenile, but with a twinkle of that gently mocking humor which was so characteristic, was the poem in a Christmas edition when he was 13:

'Twas the concert of the season just before the Xmas vac. When the heat and all the waters pat each other on the back. When prices are distributed and parents come to hear How many Johnny hadn't got for stacking all the year.

And in the same year, 1927, while he was still at the bottom of Form III, the sensitive, imaginative boy his mother thinks of now expressed himself in this poem, called "Best of All":

These are the things I love. Brown sails at sea on a misty dawn. Racing shadows across the corn. These are the things I love.

First dim star in the twilight hour. Drenchings sweet of the Hawthorn flower. Wallflowers kissed by a silver shower. And the clear blue sky above!

A wistful song as the shadows fall. The whisper of trees and a soft bird-call. A glimmering moon — and over all. The tang of a wind from the sea!

At 17 Dylan joined the Swansea Evening Post. Junior reporter Thomas tackled his job without the slightest enthusiasm. He longed to be free to concentrate upon his poetry and to bestow his gifts upon a wider world.

During an inquest or police court case he would doodle and then doze, waking suddenly to jot down a word on a bit of paper or cardboard. He loved words to such an extent that he collected

them, compiling his own dictionary of his favourites, listed alphabetically. He would consult this lexicon for the right words to fill the gaps in lines awaiting completion in an exercise book — called "Pomes."

For about 18 months he doodled and dozed, the ever-ready reporter, and in that period one significant thing happened — he acquired a liking for pubs and for beer.

There are some who are inclined to condemn a member of the staff senior to him for this development. Freddie Farr, police and boxing reporter.

If it hadn't been Freddie it would have been someone else. For the pub was his natural background, the sounding board for his wit, the setting for his clowning, his pyrotechnic improvisation, the place to meet people and to talk and listen at the same time, which was one of Dylan's many remarkable talents.

Sudden word

IN the middle of a dazzling discourse on Hardy, an impassioned denunciation of war or a wickedly witty story, he would drag a cigarette packet from his pocket, tear off the end, write a word or perhaps a sentence, and thrust the piece into another pocket. A word which had flashed into his mind, perhaps, or a word which had lodged its way through the tobacco haze from some unknown source at the other end of the bar.

This note-making did not dam the spate for a moment; Dylan went right on talking, a glass or a tankard in one hand, the cigarette jiggling on his lip. But those words, seized upon in this remarkable fashion, have gone to the making of the Thomas poems which, obscure or not obscure, have a lovely pattern and the sound of music. (CONTINUED)

Next Saturday: "Threat of the Clutched Tankard."

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night. To a hysterical audience, largely comprised of fellow-travellers, if nothing worse, he launched a smashing attack on America's post-war foreign policy — and made it much worse by adding that he had talked to the President, who approved.

BRITAIN—'THE VILLAIN'

TRUMAN decided on drastic action. He fired Wallace by telephone.

Wallace bade his staff farewell, cleared out his desk at the Commerce Department and vanished, without making any further statement.

Wallace had left his Madison Square Garden heaters with the impression that he regarded Britain as the villain of the piece. A Wallace interview at this point would be wonderful on all counts.

I went to work, and started the drudgery of trying telephonically to track down a man who didn't want to be tracked down, by way of officials who didn't want to help to track him down. It took two days.

Nothing further from Wallace had appeared anywhere. No one had been able to "reach" him. Finally I tried one more number. It was the right one. After some hesitation, he really got going. I sat there, drinking it in and getting it down just as fast as I could scribble.

It was even more controversial than the speech had been. He kept repeating a phrase, "When I read about our American aircraft flying over the Mediterranean; of our Eastern Mediterranean, threatening Russia, it makes me sick, I tell you. I feel sick—SICK!"

'PROMISE ME'

IN my mind's eye I could see the headlines—could see my story come bouncing back across the Atlantic, to be picked up and re-run in the U.S. Press.

But it was not to be. Just as I was about ready to hang up and get busy, he said: "I must ask you to promise me not to say what I have told you. This has been, off-the-record. Is that understood?" I repeated miserably.

"Yes, all of it. May I have your assurance on that?" "If you insist," I said. "I'm afraid I do," he said. "Good-bye, Mr. Wallace." And that was that.

THERE is always the time in the most uneventful of days when the unexpected happens... and a reporter finds himself with next day's front page in his pocket...

I can possibly help it, I will never allow an individual to tell me alone anything in confidence. If he asks whether he can speak confidentially, I assure him that anything he cares to say may appear in print. It is astonishing how many people, with that warning, then decide to go ahead.

In general, "off-the-record" conferences make me uneasy, and I wish they did not exist. They are often given, of course, from the best of motives; sometimes from motives not so pure.

PART OF THE ROUTINE

THERE is always, especially in the U.S., the chance of a "leak." But again especially in the U.S., there is the technique of the off-the-record conference which is deliberately designed to "leak" as the best way of making public facts without pinning the authorship on anyone too directly. In fact, "leaking a story" is nowadays an accepted part of the routine for high Washington officials.

In that spring of 1949 the stream of high-level British visitors to Washington entitled a good many Press conferences, and we British correspondents used occasionally to writhle at the combination of ineptitude and smugness on display.

One, indeed, provided a uniquely embarrassing occasion, for the visitor, a lady, proved so drowsy in her opening and long-winded statement that the reporters lifted away without asking her a single question.

REMEMBER BU?

ONE of the most electrifying moments I have experienced at what otherwise looked like being a run-of-the-mill Press conference was that held by Mr John Strachey, then Food Minister in the Socialist Government, in Washington in June 1946.

Strachey had given us a pretty good story about the things he was planning to buy from the Americans to vary the dreary British diet.

The conference was on the point of breaking up, and one or two hands were already surreptitiously reaching towards hats, when Mr Strachey was seen to be waving some sort of card above his head. Since it looked an anonymous sort of document, some of us got the impression that Mr Strachey was light-heartedly waving a good-bye—but such was not the case.

"Look at this!" he cried. "Have a look at this!" We crowded round him and peered at the unfamiliar object.

"Well, what is it?" someone asked.

"Bread—rationing coupons!" declared the Minister.

The American reporters looked mildly surprised but the effect on the British was terrific. Nobody, I believe, had for one moment thought that, however wretched the general food situation might be at home, it would ever be necessary to ration bread.

"Yes, it is definitely going to be rationed," went on Strachey, then added, apparently as an afterthought, "Subject, naturally, to Cabinet approval."

Hullo! The Cabinet hadn't approved this big step yet; but there it was being announced as a fact abroad.

Interestingly, someone asked the Minister whether there was to be simultaneous announcement of it in London. No, no, said he emphatically.

I WONDER WHY THAT did it. We unbalanced out to the taxis and broke for our offices, with next day's front pages in our pockets.

I have often wondered why Mr Strachey took the unusual course that he did; and whether it was a premeditated plan or done on impulse.

To jump the gun on a Cabinet decision was obviously not done every day; and he must have been certain of his ground on that score.

Conceivably he had been given definite orders by Mr Attlee to spring the story while he was in America. And the reason for that would probably be to bring home as dramatically as possible to the Americans the direness of the British plight.

Anyway, it made a fine Press conference.

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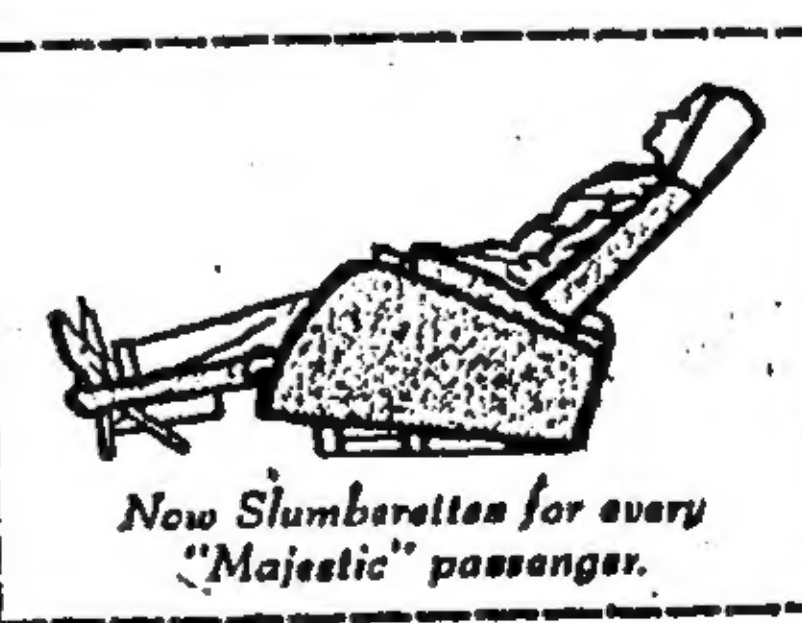
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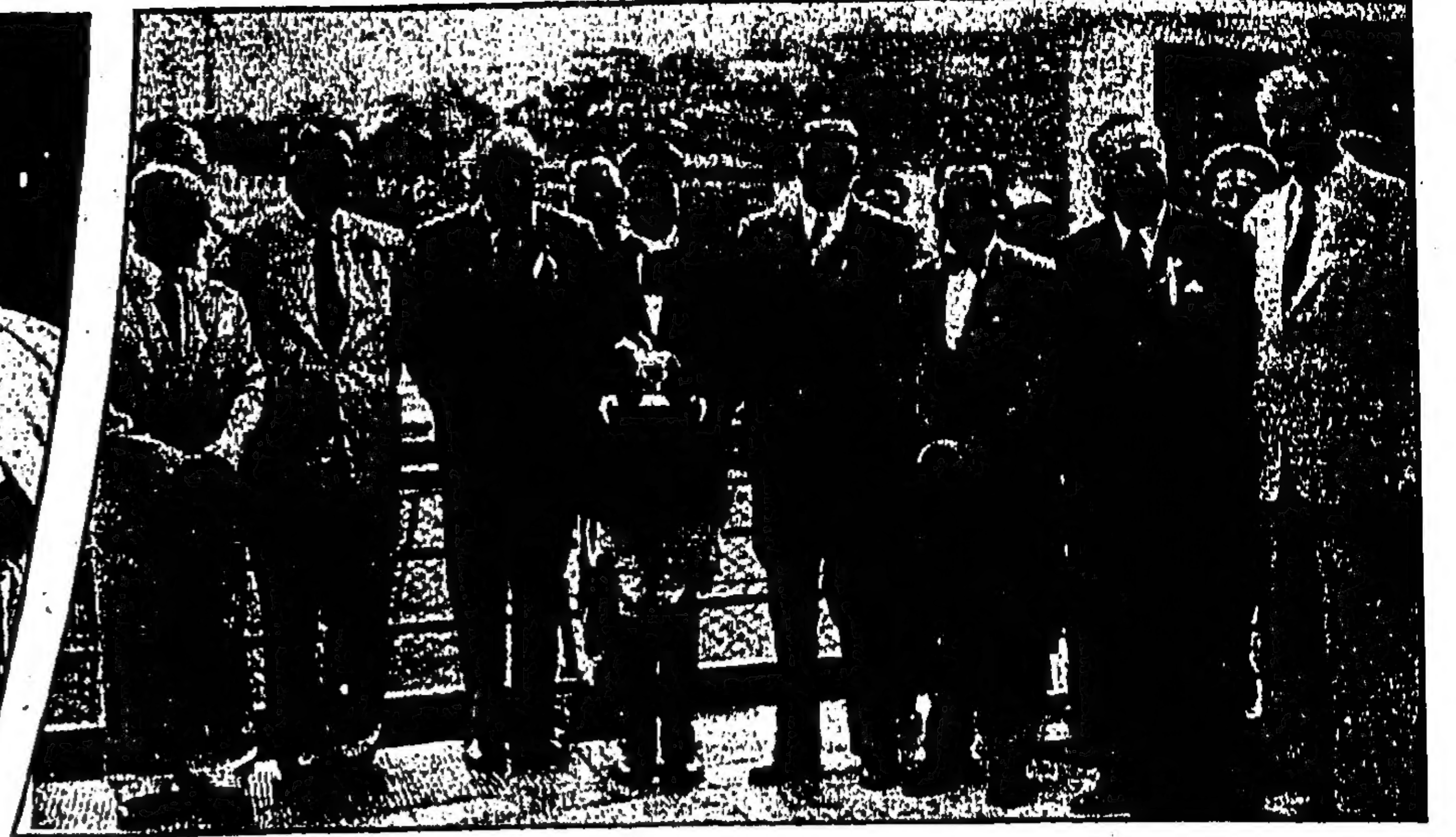


BRITISH-OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER





HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham at two diplomatic receptions held in Hongkong during the week. On the left, they are seen with Dr W. J. Cator, Netherlands Consul-General, and Mrs Cator at the party honouring the birthday of Queen Juliana. On the right, with Mr Yuiiro Isoki, Japanese Consul-General, and Mrs Isoki at the reception to mark the birthday of Emperor Hirohito. (Staff Photographer)



MR James Jolly (right), Director of Marine, toasting Mr W. Sprague, Assistant Director, at a party given for him on the occasion of his retirement. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr James Cyril Barningham Slack and Miss Doris Vivienne Chum after their wedding at St John's Cathedral. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Friends of Mr and Mrs Derek Bromhall at the christening of their baby daughter, Denise Moss, at St John's Cathedral last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Wedding at the Union Church, Kennedy Road, of Mr John Keith Watson and Miss Jean Ferguson Robertson. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Group picture taken at the annual meeting and dinner of the Diocesan Old Girls' Association. (Willie's)



MR Chun Kit, riding Mr O. K. Sadick's pony, Balkan Monarch, won the 1956 Hongkong Derby last Saturday. After the presentation of the trophy, from left: Mr D. Black, the Hon. M. W. Turner, Mr J. F. Macgregor, Mr Chun Kit, Mr D. Benson, Chairman of Stewards, Mr Sadick, Dr the Hon. S. N. Chau and Mr A. H. Potts. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Mr Jack McKelvie, who has retired as Vice-President of the Hongkong Football Association, replying to the good wishes expressed at a cocktail party given in his honour by the Association, at which he was presented with a farewell souvenir. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Bro. Cronan, Chairman of the Hongkong Schools Sports Association, making a presentation to Dr Peter Lim, who led the visiting Chong Hong Lions school-boys football team from Manila. (Staff Photographer)



SCENE from the Garrison Players' production of Peter Hastings' comedy, "Seagulls Over Sorrento," which will be presented for the last time tonight at King George's Hall, Missions to Seamen. (Staff Photographer)

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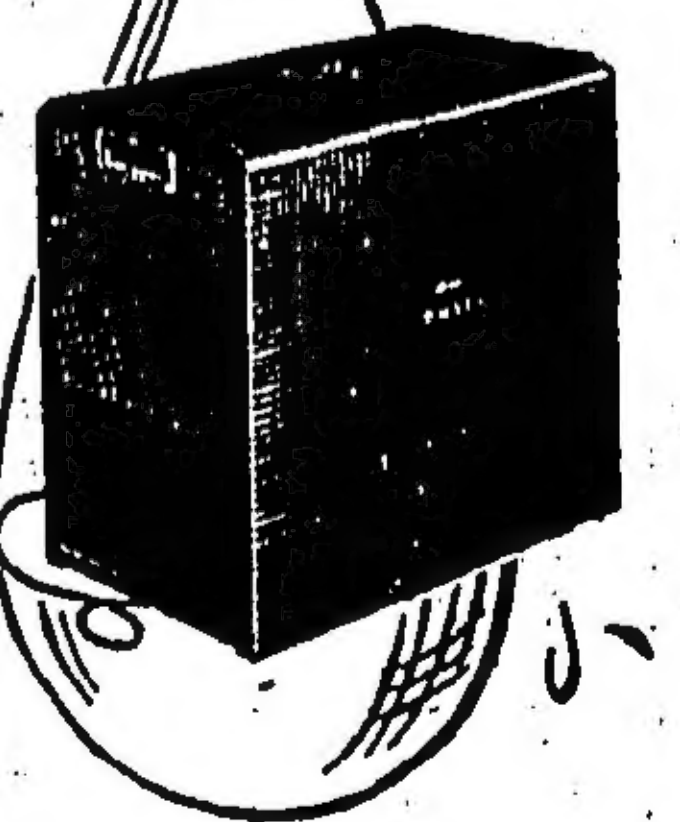
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SOME of the Portuguese boys and girls who will be taking part in the folk dances to be presented at tomorrow's Portuguese Community School Fair at the Club de Recreio. (Willie's)



MEMBERS of the Victoria Recreation Club who attended a tiffin party in honour of Mr Lionel Roza Pereira (seated second from left) before his departure to settle in the U.S.A. A presentation was made by the Hon. Michael Turner (seated centre), Chairman of the Club. (Staff Photographer)



MR R.M. Hetherington, Deputy Financial Secretary, last week opened the new co-operative flats for local Government servants at Hunghom. From left: Mr Laung King-hin, Mr Tso Yiu-wing, Mr and Mrs Hetherington and the architect, Mr A. H. Basto. (Staff Photographer)



MESSRS Lau Wing-kwong and Ng Sui-lun, this year's doubles table tennis champions of the South China Morning Post Sports Association, hold the Grinham Cup presented by Mr W. A. Grinham (centre), General Manager, at a party on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor presenting the Prince of Wales Banner, won by Wongneichong District, at last Saturday's Boy Scouts rally at the Kowloon Cricket Club. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: The second round of Radio Hongkong's talent show, "Beginners Please" is now in full swing, and picture shows this week's winner, Potty Officer Reggie Marsh, who offered a snappy version of "Dinah." All the round's winners will meet in the final later this month. (Staff Photographer)

MR Maurice Fokmanthim, who received the Chevalier du Morite Maritime decoration at a ceremony at the French Consul-General's residence last Saturday, congratulated by friends. The award was made for Mr Fokmanthim's services to the French Navy. (Staff Photographer)



PRESENTATION of hockey competition trophies by Mrs F. Blackburn at an end-of-season festival last Sunday. Billy Soares (left) receiving the Men's International Competition Shield for Portugal, and Miss Elaine Souza (right) receiving the Ladies International Competition Shield, also won by Portugal. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURES taken at the funeral on Wednesday of the late Sir Robert Ho Tung, who died on April 26 at the age of 93. Thousands of citizens of all classes paid homage to one of Hongkong's greatest benefactors. Right: His Excellency the Governor paying respects at the graveside. Below: The cortege passing the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation. (Staff Photographer)



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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



Sir Charles builds the housewife's dream



It has six bedrooms, two lounges, two bathrooms, a kitchen, a gamesroom and a cloakroom.

"But I don't even need a maid," says Lady Colston.

For THIS is a house of ideas.

by JOHN SMEATON

THE housewife's dream is a house that does all the housework for her. It is a house that is a dream come true.

DREAM HOUSE

"This house," said Lady Colston, "is a dream come true. It is a house that does all the housework for her. It is a house that is a dream come true."

All the rooms centre on a central hall. The house is a dream come true. It is a house that does all the housework for her. It is a house that is a dream come true."

The six-bedroom house is named "The Dream House". It is a house that does all the housework for her. It is a house that is a dream come true. It is a house that does all the housework for her. It is a house that is a dream come true."

It stands in the centre of Sir Charles's 2,000-acre farm. But anything less than the general concept of a housewife's dream is difficult to imagine.

Said Lady Colston: "We have country life and we have a country house. But when we built the house after the war we did not see why we should go rural in every sense of the word."

So an architect was employed to design the outside of the house and the Colston family pooled ideas and designed the interior.

A KNACK

Said Sir Charles: "My youngest daughter, Coralie, did most of it. She had no training in that direction, but seemed to have a knack."

Coralie, now married and a mother, was visiting her parents while I was there. "I suppose I did do most of the hard work," she agreed smilingly, "but the brilliant ideas came from the others. It was good fun. The only thing I could not fit in my plans was a staircase. We had to get the architect to arrange that. All I had space for was a rope ladder."

The final result? "Just as we planned," said Coralie. A

There were two simple fittings that I admired. The living-room curtains are fixed to rods that swing back from the windows like shutters. And on the Colston's bedroom there is a triangular lamp with "storm-lantern" shutters. If one person wants to read while the other wants to sleep, one shutter is closed, and the other opened. "Averts a lot of trouble," said Sir Charles.

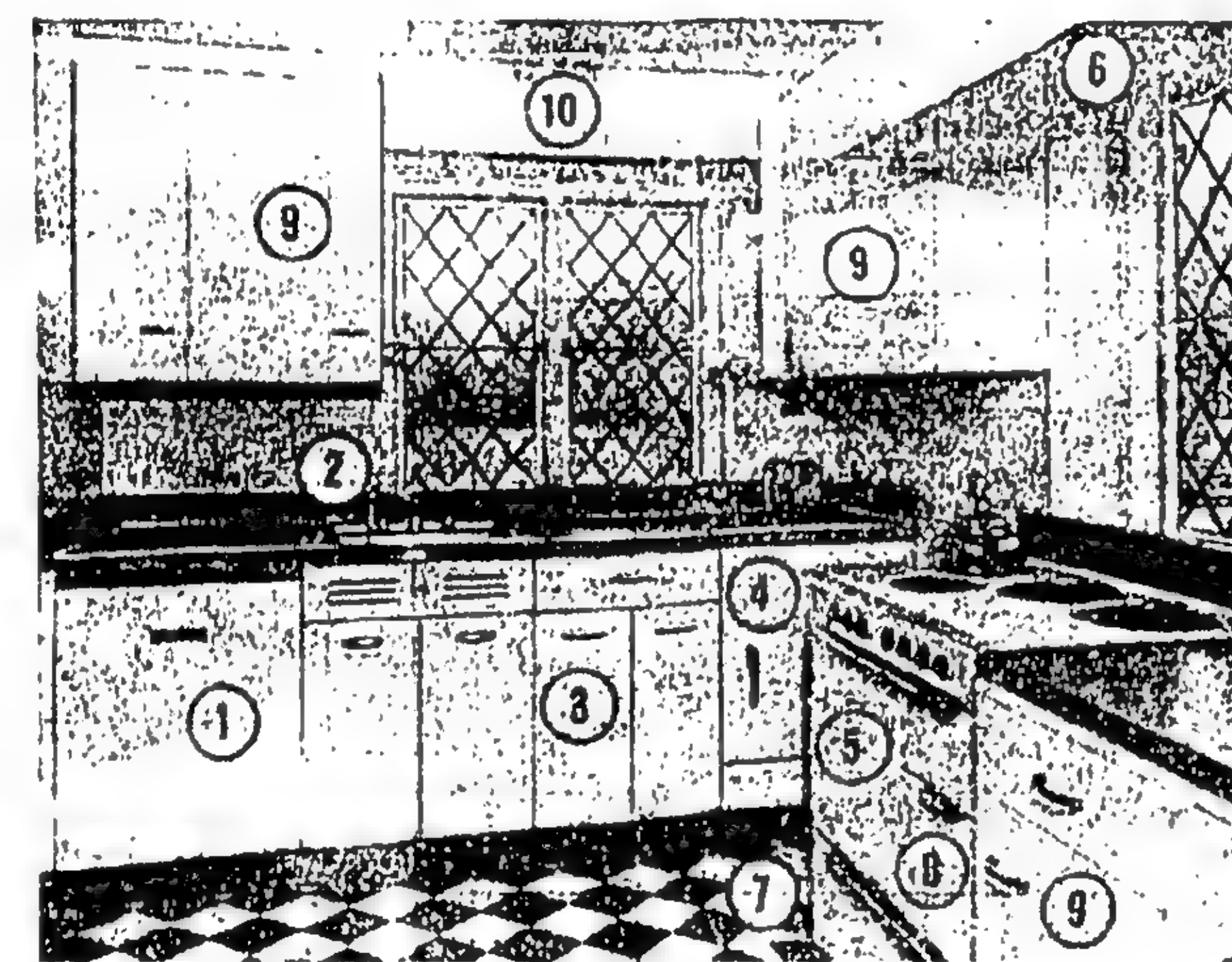
When one realises that Sir Charles is an ex-chief of Hovers, who at 64 has started a new group of companies of his own for the manufacture of

house-saving devices, the dream-quality of this house is not surprising. "But anyone can design a house on these lines," he told me. "Money doesn't matter. The thing is to have a house, large or small, that does all the housework for her."

INJURIOUS

Of course, the house is not perfect. It is a house that does all the housework for her. It is a house that is a dream come true. It is a house that does all the housework for her. It is a house that is a dream come true."

(World Copyright)
London Express Service



The kitchen designed for easy living... 1: dish-washing machine; 2: waste-disposal unit; 3: dish cupboard; 4: refrigerator; 5: electric stove with variable temperature control; 6: small extraction canopy with extraction fan; 7: non-slip rubber flooring; 8: dish-warming cabinet; 9: fitted cupboards; 10: concealed fluorescent lighting.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If you have no meat drill, or you are using a broken one, you will find that an ordinary sewing machine needle is a good substitute.

Grind the needle's head off with a file to the centre of the eye. File each end to a point. Lock slightly on the inside. The pointed end goes in chuck.

Needles are made of the strongest steel, and work on any metal or wood that regular drills can penetrate.

When you have a boring job to do, use thread in a shade that's easily seen so it can be removed after it's served its purpose.

You can eradicate white spots on mahogany furniture if you spread a thick coat of petroleum jelly over the spots. Let it stay on for 48 hours before wiping it off.

The inside of a salt shaker's metal top can be kept from rusting by painting the interior with ordinary nail polish.

MOTIF APPLIQUE DOILY

MATERIALS: Conts Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 grm.) 2 balls selected colour. Piece of Linen. Milwards Steel Crochet Hook No. 3. (Slack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½).

TENSION: Size of Motif—3 in. (12.5 cm.) in diameter.

MEASUREMENTS: 10½ in. (26.5 cm.) in diameter.

ABBREVIATIONS: Ch—chain; dbt tr—double treble; sts—stitches; ss—slip stitch.

DIRECTIONS

First Motif

Commence with 8 ch. Join with a ss to form a ring.

1st Row: 4 ch, 2 dbt tr into ring leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (a 2 dbt tr cluster made), 4 ch; repeat from 1 to 4 ch.

2nd Row: 4 ch, * into tip of next cluster work (1 dbt tr, 4 ch) twice and 1 dbt tr; repeat from * 6 times more, (1 dbt tr, 4 ch) twice into same place as ss of previous row, 1 ss into 4th of 4 ch.

3rd Row: 1 ss into first dbt tr, 4 ch, * 3 dbt tr 2 ch 1 dbt tr 2 ch and 3 dbt tr into next dbt tr, miss 1 dbt tr, 1 dbt tr 4 ch and 1 dbt tr into next dbt tr; repeat from * omitting 1 dbt tr at end of last repeat and working last dbt tr into same place as ss, 1 ss into 4th of 4 ch.

4th Row: 1 ss into first dbt tr, 4 ch, a 3 dbt tr cluster over next 3 sts, * 4 ch, 1 dbt tr 2 ch and 1 dbt tr into next dbt tr, 4 ch, miss 1 ch, a 4 dbt tr cluster over next 4 sts, 4 ch, 1 dbt tr into each of next 2 dbt tr, 4 ch, a 4 dbt tr cluster over next 4 sts; repeat from * omitting 4 dbt tr cluster at end of last repeat and working last dbt tr into same place as ss of previous row, 1 ss into tip of first cluster.



5th Row: 8 ch, 1 dbt tr into same place as last ss, * miss 1 dbt tr, (a 3 dbt tr cluster into next dbt tr, 4 ch) 3 times, a 3 dbt tr cluster into next dbt tr, miss 2 dbt tr, 1 dbt tr 4 ch and 1 dbt tr into next dbt tr; repeat from * omitting 1 dbt tr 4 ch and 1 dbt tr at end of last repeat, 1 ss into 4th of 8 ch.

Work 8 more motifs in same manner. Tack motifs on to linen to form a circle (see illustration). Working on right side whip inner edge of motifs to linen. Turn to wrong side, cut linen ¼ in. (.6 cm.) from stitching and hem neatly. Damp and press.

Curried Chicken Pie

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"An old deep black iron kettle with a 1 litre capacity" was telling the Chef, "was used by my great-grandmother to make chicken pie. Judging by the 'recipe' in her old manuscript cook book, this was only for special days."

"She greased the pot, then lined it with strips of buttered bread. The pot was filled with half-stewed chicken seasoned with thyme and marjoram from her kitchen garden. 'Over the top went a blanket of dough. On went the cover. Then, the kettle was placed on a swivelling crane over the hearth fire, where it simmered two hours until serving time."

"My grandmother improved on this method, by baking the pie in the oven of her wood stove. 'And here in the test-kitchen," chuckled the Chef, "we have invented a hurry-up chicken curried pie that smells as appetising when baking in our new well-oven, I can sincerely wait the 40 minutes' time to taste it."

"I nominate it for our dinner, Madame. There will be enough chicken oddments left from yesterday's roast to make it."

DINNER

Butter, 1/2 cup
Hurry-up Chicken
Curry Pie
Buttered Buns
Spring Salad Bowl
Raspberry Jam Roll
Coffee, Tea, Milk

All Measurements Are Level
Recipe Proportions for 4 to 6
Bake 20 min. in a hot oven, 425° F. or until the pastry is lightly browned.
Raspberry Jam Roll: Break 3 eggs into a 2 qt. mixing bowl; beat until frothy.
Add 1 c. granulated sugar; continue to beat until thick.
Add 3 tbsp. water and 1 tsp. pure vanilla.
Sift together 1 c. already-sifted enriched flour with 1 tsp. baking powder and 1/3 tsp. salt. Fold into the batter.
Line a jelly roll pan 16" x 11" with waxed paper. Spread in the batter.
Bake 12-15 min. in a moderate oven, 350° F. or until pale golden brown.
At once, turn upside-down on a sheet of waxed paper dusted with powdered sugar. Tear off any paper that adheres.
Then spread the cake with raspberry jam. Roll up quickly. Cool, folded side down.
When cold, trim the ends with a sharp knife.
Serve sliced 1" thick, plain or with a topping of sweetened whipped cream or a half scoop of vanilla or black-raspberry ice cream.

TRICK OF THE CHEF

Garnish potato cream soup with minced chives.

STRIPED JUMPER AND HEAD SCARF

MATERIALS: 3 (3) (4) (4) ozs. Munrospan "Nestledown" Wool (Grey), 2 ozs. Munrospan Nestledown Wool (White), 2 ozs. Munrospan Nestledown Wool (Blue) 1 pair each numbers 11 and 13 knitting needles, 4 small buttons.

MEASUREMENTS:

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Bust	32	34	36	38
Length	19	19½	20	20½
Sleeve	19	19	19½	19½

TRIANGLE HEAD SCARF: 26 x 16½ x 16½ ins.

TENSION: 9 sts. to 1 in.

To make a garment of the correct size the above tension should be maintained throughout. It is advisable to knit a small sample before beginning the garment and to use a size larger or smaller needle if the required tension cannot be obtained with the needles stated.

ABBREVIATIONS: K—knit, p—purl, st. or sts—stitch or stitches, in. or ins.—inch or inches, inc.—increase or increases, dec.—decrease or decreases, beg—begin or beginning, st-st—stuck stitch, cont.—continue, rep.—repeat, patt.—pattern, tog.—together, t.b.l.—through back of loops, foll.—following.

NOTE: Instructions are given for 1st size; for 2nd, 3rd and 4th sizes follow the figures in the brackets respectively. When only one set of figures is given this refers to all sizes.

BACK

Using number 13 needles cast on 124 (132) (140) (148) sts. with grey wool and work in k.1, p.1, rib for 4 ins.

Change to number 11 needles and cont. in stripe patt. as follows: Working in st-st, (i.e. 1 row k.1, row p.1) change colour stripes in 6 rows rotation thus: 2 rows grey, 1 row blue, 2 rows white, 1 row blue. Inc. at both ends of the 7th and every foll. 8th row until there are 144 (154) (164) (174) sts.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 12 (12½) (13½) (14) ins. from beg. ending with white stripe.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Next Row: k. 3, k.2, tog., t.b.l., k. to last 5 sts., k. 2 tog., k.3.

Next Row: p. Rep. from last 2 rows until 112 (118) (124) (130) sts. remain.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 18½ (19) (19½) (20) ins. from beg. ending at side edge.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 11 (12) (13) (14) sts. at beg. of next and every alt. row twice. Cast off remaining sts.

Return to sts. left for opposite side and work to correspond reversing shoulder shapings.

FRONT

Follow instructions as given for back until armhole shaping has been completed then cont. without further shaping until work measures 17½ (18) (18½) (19) ins. from beg. ending with a p. row.

Shape Neck: K. 44 (47) (48) (51) cast off 24 (24) (26) (28) k. to end.

Cont. to work on last set of 44 (47) (48) (51) sts.

Next Row: P. to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog.

Next Row: K. 2, tog. work to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until 33 (36) (39) (42) sts. remain.

Cont. to work without further shaping until armhole measures, same as back armholes.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 11 (12) (13) (14) sts. at beg. of next 3 armhole edge rows.

Rejoin wool to neck edge of remaining sts. and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using number 13 needles and grey wool cast on 68 (68) (72) (72) sts. and work in k.1, p.1, rib for 3½ ins.

Change to number 11 needles and work in st-st stripe patt. as given for back.

Inc. at both ends of the 7th and every foll. 8th row until there are 114 (114) (118) (118) sts.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 10 (10½) (11) (11½) ins. from beg. ending with white stripe.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Next Row: k. 3, k.2, tog., t.b.l., k. to last 5 sts., k. 2 tog., k.3.

Next Row: p. Rep. from last 2 rows until 112 (118) (124) (130) sts. remain.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 18½ (19) (19½) (20) ins. from beg. ending at side edge.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 11 (12) (13) (14) sts. at beg. of next and every alt. row twice. Cast off remaining sts.

Rep. last 2 rows until 72 (78) (78) (74) sts. remain. Cast off remaining sts.

NECK BAND

Join shoulder seams. Using number 13 needles and grey wool and with right side of work facing pick up and k. 120 (120) (126) (130) sts. all round neck. Work in k.1, p.1, rib for 1 in.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces to correct measurements with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Set in sleeves and press seams. Join side and sleeve seams. Work 3 rows of double crochet along back opening making 4 loops of 2 chain on 2nd row and working into these loops on 3rd row to make buttonholes. Sew buttons on opposite side to correspond.

Press seams.

TRIANGLE HEAD SCARF Using wool left over from jumper and Number 11 needles, cast on 3 sts. with grey wool and work in stripe patt. as given for back of jumper throughout. Inc. 1 st. at beg. of every k. row until there are 80 sts. then dec. at same edge on every alt. row until only 3 sts. remain. Cast off.

Now with right side of work facing and using number 13 needles and grey wool, pick up 235 sts. along 2 short sides and work in k.1, p.1, rib for 5 rows. On each alt. row inc. at both ends and also in centre by 2 sts.

Cast off loosely in rib.

Now pick up 170 sts. along longer side and work 5 rows in k.1, p.1, rib inc. at both ends of each alt. row.

Cast off in rib.

Press with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

MISS Z JOINS THE GIRLS WHO WRITE ABOUT DADDY

SIX PEOPLE AND LOVE. By Stella Ziliacus. Putnam. 13s. 6d. 233 pages.

STELLA ZILIACUS is the latest of the writing daughters. Nobody knows why literary talent should run from father to daughter. But the evidence is impressive.

Stella's father, Konni Ziliacus, old Left Wing war-horse and Socialist MP, writes worried, indefatigable books with titles like "Why We Are Losing the Peace," "The Road to War," "The Inquest on Peace," "Between the Wars," etc.

Stella writes about Daddy. Daddy is a favourite theme among the writing daughters. Konni Ziliacus turns up as early as line seven of his daughter's novel, emerging from behind Hansard ("his favourite breakfast reading, except on the days when the New Statesman had arrived"). He is, in his

What a to-do there was when he heard of the plan to ensnare Mr Nehru

loving daughter's portrait of him, a kindly, unassuming, friendly figure, full of ideas about peace, progress, the self-expression of children, the League of Nations, etc. His children are brought up to know all the main figures in international affairs—and to have roots in any land, people or (of course) religion.

When his wife conspires to marry off a plain little niece, Maria, Konni's instincts as a man and a rationalist are aroused. An attempt is made to ensnare into matrimony an Indian visitor named Nehru. Ziliacus explodes. "He's one of the geniuses of our age. You can't seriously think that he would have the slightest interest in Maria."

In this collection of six slight sketches tenuously strung together, the first is the best. The story of how a husband was found for poor Maria comically illustrates a conflict of ideas between radical Ziliacus and his conventional wife. When father sides out of the book, most of the fun fades with him.

Stella Ziliacus has a nice talent for gentle satire—and, in her first book, does not give it enough to do.

THE MASAI STORY. By Oskar Koenig. Michael Joseph. 18s. 190 pages.

THE Way of Life of the Masai is in danger. It seems that nothing can be done to preserve the outlook and culture of this African people. And what is that way of life?

NEGATIVELY, to have no part whatever in this thing called Progress. The national anthem of the Masai was written a few years ago. It is called Civilisation. It contains the lines: "Bingle, bangle, bangle, I don't want to leave the jungle."

There's the sentiments of the Masai, except that they are not in the jungle. They are in Kenya, where they arrived after walking for 100 years from the North Delta. At the end of their journey, they run smack into the British Empire. It might have been worse. The French would have conscripted them. The Portuguese would have carried them. But what the British did was bad enough. With the best motives in the world, they destroyed the Masai's Way of Life.

POSITIVELY, that consisted in a devotion to hunting, massacre, cattle-lifting and the carrying-off of the enemy's women.

Thus they combined the virtues of the ancient Romans (Rape of the Sabines) with those of the not-so-ancient Scots (Rob Roy).

The Kikuyu, former victims of these national sports, say the Masai have just come down from the trees. The Masai wish the Kikuyu would come out from behind the British.

The Masai have the beauty of greyhound. Their girls have the physique—and the clothes sense—of the goddess Aphrodite.

Their religion has a like simplicity. It is the worship of the creative principle. To one of their festivals, Koenig devotes twelve reverent and observant pages. He emerges from the experience, shaken and a little ashamed. It is a strain to play Peeping Tom to an entire nation. Among the Masai it is a lucky child who is a crystal-gazer who knows her own father.

Now that the wild beasts of Africa are dying out and the Kikuyu are protected by the British Empire, the future of the Masai, this impossible, defiant race in grave jeopardy.

"In our frenzy to create a new and better world, we have forgotten," says Oskar Koenig, white hunter and author of this graphic and sympathetic study of the Masai, "the true aristocracy of Africa, which is now frustrated and embittered."

But, if the Masai will not conform to civilised ways, it is hard to see what can be done to save them.

THE JUDGE AND THE HATTER. By Simonon. Hamish Hamilton. 13s. 6d. 308 pages.

SIMONON is the stingiest writer I know. He really hates to part with words. If six words can be made to do the work of seven, Simonon will probably settle for five.

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As Xavier Lhomond, the judge, hears the evidence in the murder trial of a young thug whose prostitute wife has been found decapitated on the railway line, he thinks of his own life.

His wife, after one brief love affair, has lain a bed-ridden and querulous hypochondriac. Every night he counts out the drops of his medicine, which contains strychnine.

The night before, having dropped the bottle, he had gone to fetch an extra bottle from the chemist. "The chemist's night bell was out of order. The judge went into a disreputable bar to telephone. He was seen by a colleague coming out. He took a glass of spirits before coming to court. Another colleague smelt drink on his breath.

If his wife were to die, how easily suspicion might build up against him: his long martyrdom as a husband; the recent signs of demoralisation; the poison found in the body.

A prey to these thoughts, the judge almost unconsciously manages the trial so that all the doubts favouring the accused are given full weight.

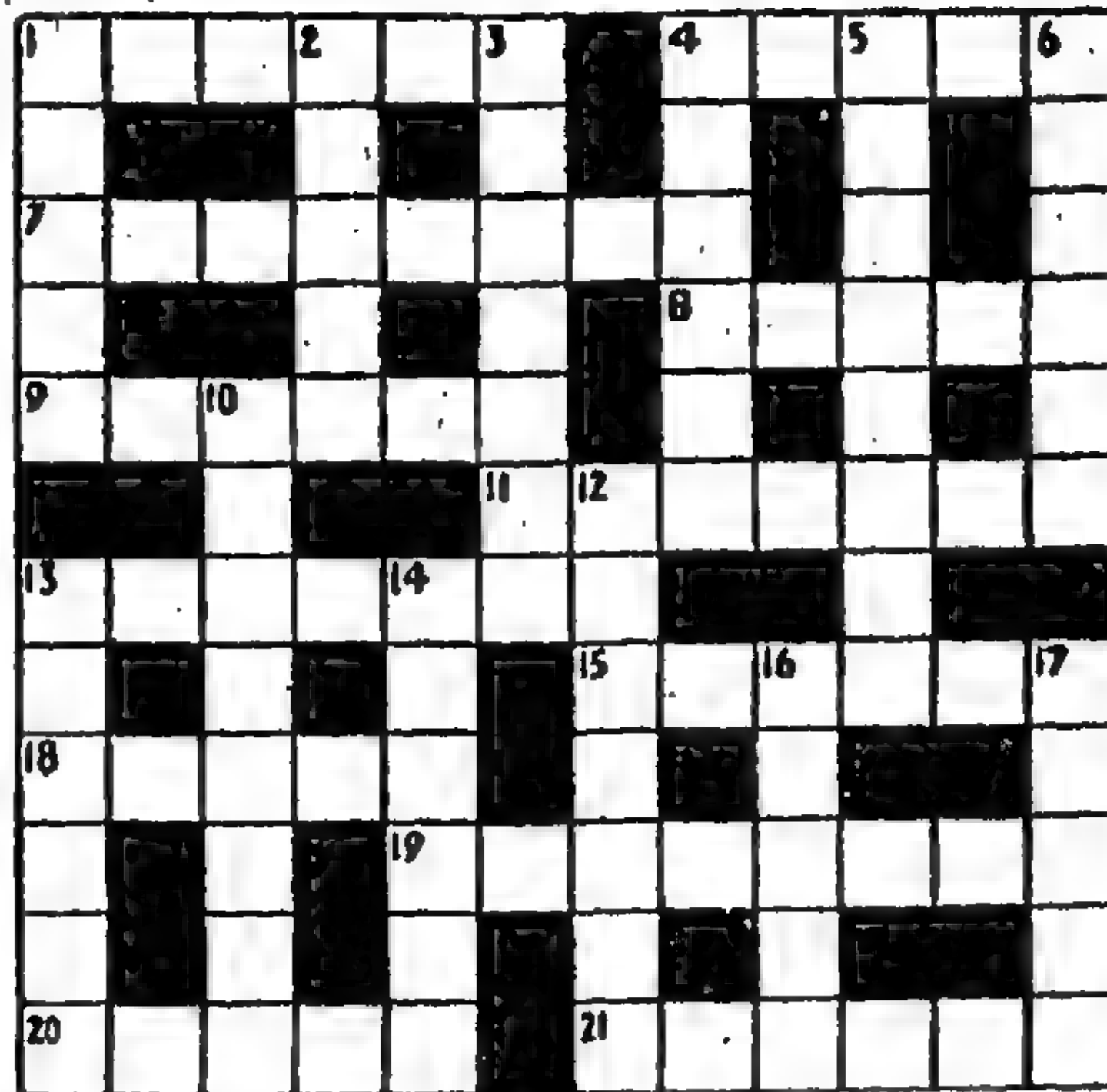
But to the very end uncertainty remains. The acquitted man gives the judge an enigmatic mocking smile. And the judge's hypochondriac wife dies.

Into 154 "overlaid" pages, Simonon has condensed, a lifetime of insight and scepticism which he presents in all the shades of grey.

EAGLE ARGENT: An Italian Journey. By Donald Hall. Methuen. 18s. 235 pages.

AS Hall is endowed with an instinct for natural beauty and a lively historical curiosity, he has written a travel book of immense charm and the pleasantest kind of modest humour. It is the deceptive humour of a clear-eyed observer with a head to match his heart.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Kind of cake (8).
- 4 Drains (5).
- 7 Fume (8).
- 8 Approach road (5).
- 9 Colour (6).
- 11 Precious stone (7).
- 13 Eat away (7).
- 15 Protect (6).
- 18 Is painful (5).
- 19 Endure (8).
- 20 Relieved (5).
- 21 Evaded (6).

DOWN

- 1 Foo (6).
- 2 Cancel (5).
- 3 Renovated (7).
- 4 Snow carriage (6).
- 5 Muse (8).
- 6 Extend (6).
- 10 Dogs (8).
- 12 Interfered (7).
- 13 Opportunity (6).
- 14 Dispossessed (6).
- 16 Discharged (5).
- 17 Fear (5).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Errs, 4 Boasted, 8 Over, 9 Pair, 10 Admiral, 11 Tame, 12 Merc, 14 Sumpter, 17 Adorn, 19 Acid, 22 Emerged, 26 Lens, 27 Pile, 28 Slagger, 29 Veal, 30 Agree, 31 Prolate, 32 Rued. Down: 1 Roused, 3 Sorter, 4 Beans, 5 Ordeal, 6 Skimp, 7 Erase, 12 Make, 13 Rose, 15 Lure, 16 Reds, 18 Repeat, 20 Clever, 21 Insane, 23 Meier, 24 Regal, 25 Dingo.

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN . . . by Walter



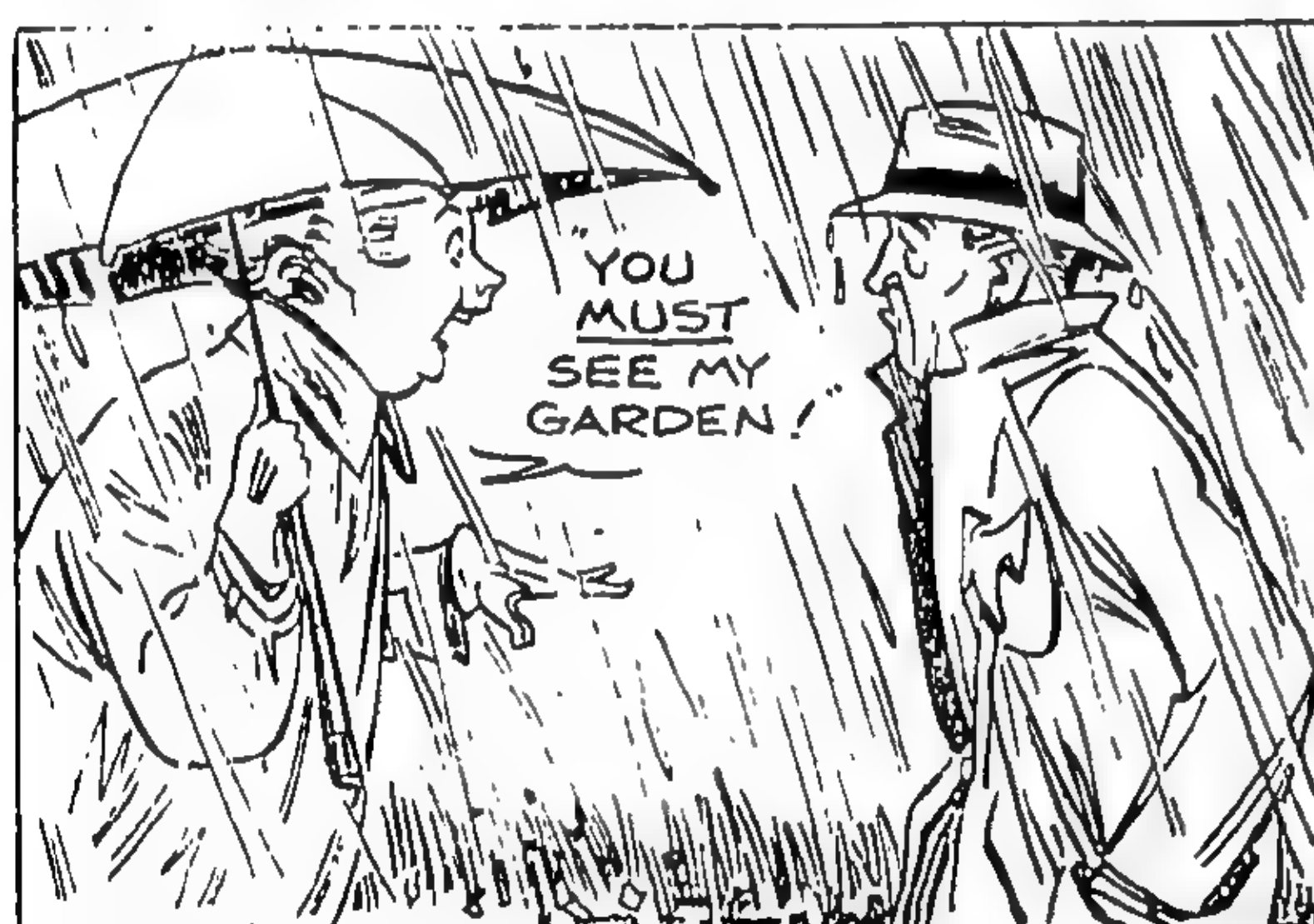
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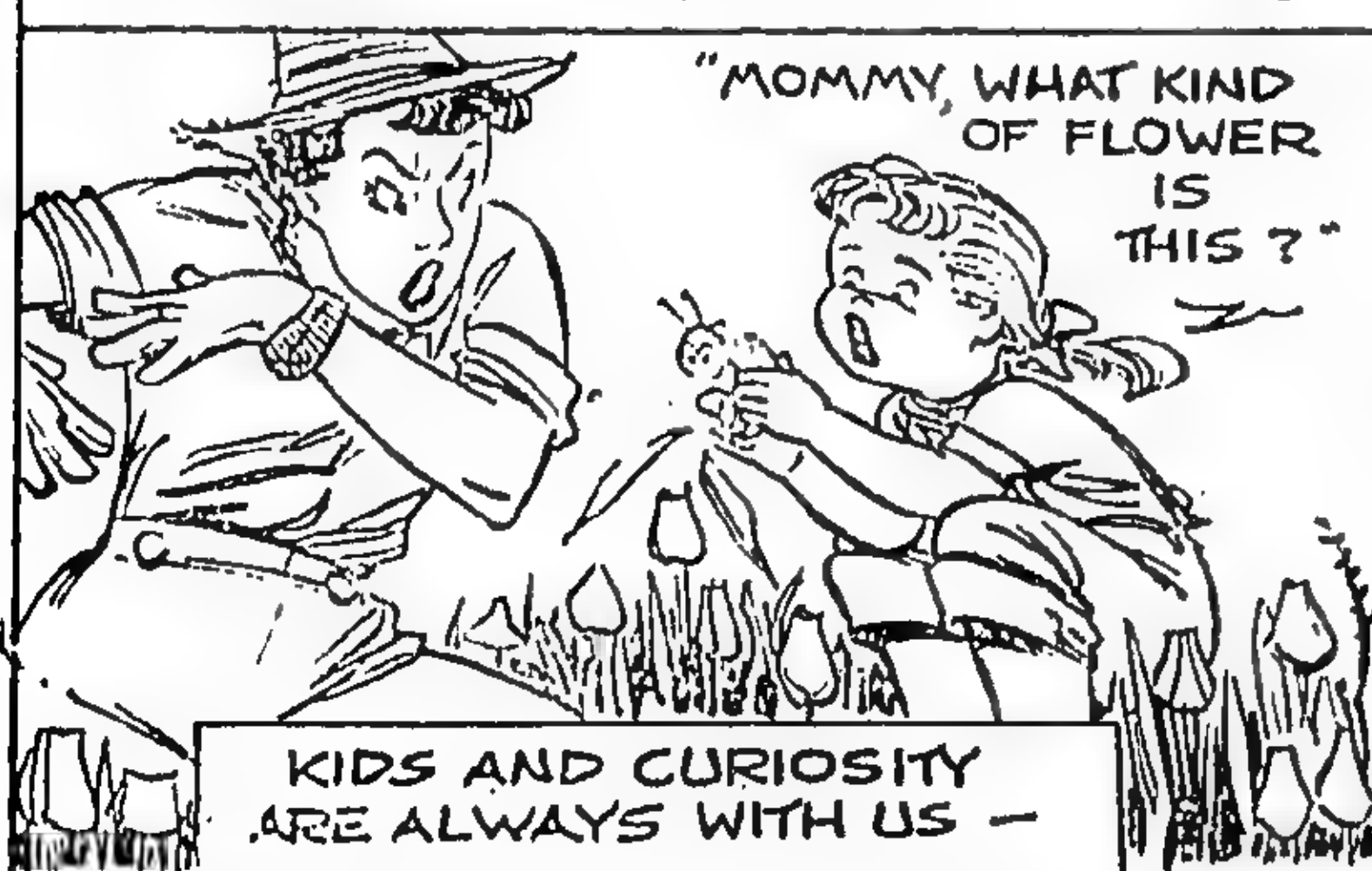
VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Things That Pop In The Spring

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE GARDEN PESTS APPEAR ON SCHEDULE—AND THEY'LL SHOW YOU THE GARDEN EVEN IF IT KILLS...YOU.



THE PARKS ARE RIGHT BACK IN BUSINESS—

GIRL WATCHER WATCHING GIRL WATCH BIRD WATCHER WATCHING BIRD.



THE SIDEWALK SUPERINTENDENTS EMERGE AND RESUME THEIR INTEREST IN CIVIC AFFAIRS.



THE SPRING SALAD-TOSSERS ARE AT IT AGAIN—AND IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF, WITH NO HOLDS BARRED.



IF YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FOR A ROUND OF GOLF, TRY THE NEXT BEST THING.



THE BIRDS WHO WOULDN'T DEIGN TO CALL A PEONY MERELY A PEONY ARE STILL AROUND.

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PAL PHILIPPINE AIR LINES

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB
ELEVENTH RACE MEETING
Saturday, 28th April and Saturday, 5th May, 1956.
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 20 RACES.

The First Race will be rung at 1:30 p.m. and the First Race will start at 2:00 p.m. on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11:45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

THE 1955 SETS OF MEMBERS BADGES AND LADIES BROOCHES ARE VALID UNTIL THE END OF THE CURRENT RACING SEASON.

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Batches at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years. Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each for the second day may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 5, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 11:00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings at Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10:00 a.m. on Friday, 27th April, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

RYDER CUP GOLF

Dal Rees, Ryder Cup captain, calls on Arthur Lees (Sunningdale) for today's lesson in the golf course that puts the club men on par with Britain's best. Says Lees

This Wedge Plan Gives You Three Shots For Two

By ARTHUR LEES

A wedge shot is as important as a putt. It can lay the ball as close to the pin as any approach putt. Bobby Locke and the Americans have proved it on many occasions.

The Americans, with their larger ball and watered greens, are masters of the wedge.

But except in the driest conditions the shot can be just as deadly on Britain's courses.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. With what sport is the Harry Vardon trophy connected, and what is it awarded for?
2. Kiltie Lave and Joe By-graves are the talk of British boxing just now. Why?
3. Where do Lave and By-graves come from?
4. In 1953 and again last year the same unseeded player reached the Men's Final at Wimbledon and was beaten. Who was he?
5. In what sports were these men World Champions: Paavo Nurmi, Tazio Nuvolari and John L. Sullivan.
6. A man with a drop promise to worry certain English sportsmen this summer. Who is he?
7. American Cornelius Warmerdam set up a world record in 1949. It still stands. Name the record and the event.
8. Who was the Third Division goalkeeper who made his debut for England against Scotland at Hampden Park last month?
9. A paint salesman, a television news commentator and a tailor are three of Britain's chief Olympic hopes. Who are they?
10. In the England-Australia Test series of 1930 which batsman hit three hundreds out of 200?

(Answers See Page 17)

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 12th (Whitsun) Race Meeting 1956/57 to be held on Saturday 10th and Monday 21st May, 1956, (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday 8th May, 1956.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Notice to Members
Australian Subscription
Ponies 1957

The Stewards have ordered a batch of 100 Australian Subscription Ponies to race in 1957 and they now invite Members to subscribe for them.

Application forms may be obtained from the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House, 8th Floor.

The Subscription List will close at NOON on Thursday, 31st May, 1956.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

The trouble with our players—and I include leading amateurs and some professionals—is not just the average club golfer who can't make up their minds when to use the wedge.

They are torn three ways—between a wedge shot, a No. 9 iron, and the old-fashioned Scottish pitch and run.

But if the wedge shot is played properly it will give you greater accuracy.

So don't let the wedge shot scare you. It is a much easier shot than it is made out to be.

Where the average player makes his mistake is in playing with a wedge that is too light in the head and with too much whip in the shaft.

CORRECT GRIP

Now for the execution of the shot. Most important is correct grip.

The reason I say this is that the "stop" you put on—and that is what makes the shot a winner—is controlled by the tension of the grip with the last three fingers of the left hand and the thumb and first two fingers of the right.

The maximum range for a wedge shot I'd put at 100 yards and it can be used at any distance up to that range.

The length of the shot governs the stance. The closer you are to the hole the closer

TEE TIP

Footwork is vital in golf—so is footwear. Keep your shoes correctly spiked. They are more important than a fancy bag of clubs.

together are your feet and the shorter the grip on the club-shaft.

At the address I always line up my right knee and hands at the target.

The ball is played opposite a point midway between the heels. The point just slightly out. Weight is carried on the inside edge of the foot. Stance is slightly open, that is, left foot withdrawn slightly behind the right.

The left arm takes command of the shot at the address. It should be held straight and firm.

Tuck the right elbow well in, resting on the right hip.

The backswing is started with a movement of the hands and clubhead.

DO NOT sway the trunk and shoulders.

DO carry on the swing with a movement of the arms and left knee.

When I play this shot I do not release my left heel from the ground.

My right elbow never leaves the tucked-in position on the hip until I am at the top of the backswing.

The downswing is started with a pull down on the left hand. It continues with the right knee and right hip hitting against a firm left side.

DO—this is imperative—come into the shot with both hands as one unit.

DO NOT "break" the left wrist as this throws the ball much too high and causes you to take a divot too far behind the ball.

Wrist and clubhead must still be kept firmly on the intended line of flight in the follow through.

The most common fault in playing the wedge is the inclination to hit too early, which causes you to strike the turf and fluff the shot.

The stroke is essentially a downward one. The loft of the club will get the ball up for you.

Now for the mental aspect of the shot. Be realistic. Don't expect the impossible. Don't expect to hole out, or even lay the ball "dead" every time. Follow the plan. I am about to give you and you will

achieve what you set out to do and so gain confidence.

When I play a wedge shot from 90 yards I don't expect to hit the flag.

Instead I set myself the standard of landing the ball inside an imaginary circle nine feet round the flag. From 60 yards my target circle is six feet, and so on down the scale.

This method gives you a sporting chance of a one-putt green. You will have rolled three shots into two.

NEXT: Approach By John Fallon

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Jack Petersen
By ARCHIE QUICK

A little more rotund and bespectacled, but still a fine figure of an athlete. That is Jack Petersen today. The former British Heavyweight Champion, now a member of the ring because of poor eyesight, but he indignantly denies that fighting was the cause of it. "The specialist assured me it was inherent," he told me at Cardiff where he watched the Wales-Ireland Soccer International.

Jack agreed with me on what might have been. If he had weighed a stone heavier he might have had a chance for the world title, but says this most modest of men: "The people in the United States in my time were a pretty hot lot, and all I expect I should have got out of it was a hiding and a lot of money."

Petersen did not do too badly financially though, thanks to his astute father, the late "Pa" Petersen, and today he is comfortably situated. "Pa" owned the medicinal baths at Cardiff, and when his son won the amateur Cruiserweight Championship Petersen senior had great ideas of his boy being the first Britisher since Bob Fitzsimmons to lift the world crown. Handsome Jack, however, never put on the necessary weight, and like his contemporary Len Harvey, was never anything more than a 12 st. 7 lbs. cruiser.

"WEMBLEY ERA"

Petersen, of course, ushered in the "Wembley Era" when Arthur Elvin promoted fight after fight there. Petersen's bouts with Harvey were classics. His fight with Tom Gibbons a failure, and the one opponent he could never master, Walter Neusel, met him three times in the mighty stadium. The contests with the "Blond Tiger" of Westphalia were "hate" fights, and Petersen and Harvey were exactly loved each other although they have become firm friends since. "I only hated Harvey inside the ring really. There never was any dislike. I respected him too much," says Petersen.

In the War was attached to the Physical Training Corps at Anti-Aircraft Command Headquarters at Stannmore, Middlesex, for a long while, among a crowd of famous Rugby players such as Vivian Jenkins and Curly Asquith and hurdler St. John Harpur. Jack did a lot of good work on the boxing side of PT, but his eyes became so bad that he did not see the war out in khaki. He still interests himself in boxing, but only on the amateur side in South Wales where he is associated with several youth movements.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

WHY HAS EASTERN'S DOUBLE TRIUMPH RAISED SO LITTLE ENTHUSIASM IN THE COLONY?

Asks I. M. MacTAVISH

The 1955-56 football season is now drawing its last few delaying breaths and in the temporary respite from the desperation of the competitive element it is probably a good thing to look around and take stock of what we see.

The Eastern sideboard is soon to be enhanced by the double display of the Senior Shield and the League Championship trophy. By any standards, and in any company, theirs is a fine performance. It should be a time for back-slapping and the wholesale acclamation of the new Champions, yet the congratulations service which is being offered to Ko Po-keung and his teammates is strangely quiet.

When South China achieved the coveted double last season they were the recipients of the heartiest brand of congratulations. They were praised not only for what they had done, but for the brilliant way in which they had done it.

China handed out to them when they met at the Hongkong Stadium last December has still further lifted the scales of opinion.

REASON FOR PRIDE

Personally I think that Eastern's double success is one of which they have reason to be proud. Whatever they have achieved has been the result of team work rather than the brilliance of individual players.

There were many occasions during the season when they looked no better than just a good average side, but even in that mood—and poorer—they kept winning and kept piling up the points that led eventually to the Championship crown.

Several other folks told me they felt there was an undercurrent of hostility because of Eastern's star-gathering campaign in the weeks before the start of the season. This could, of course, be sour grapes and nothing else, but it is quite possible there is more than a grain of truth in it.

Surely, however, it cannot be claimed as a soccer crime to try and put the strongest possible team into your club colours? I know that in Hongkong such a statement could carry a thousand hidden comments, but I believe it should be the standard aimed at by everyone whose job it is to put a team in the field.

It is all a very complex problem and there may be many obscure reasons why it is so, but somehow it is obvious that great as Eastern's double triumph may be, it has had a cool reception in many sections of the soccer community... for myself I offer them my sincere congratulations.

BREACHES OF ETHICS

I am sure that no one who reads this column regularly will need any reminding of my views about dirty play and unacceptable field conduct. I like to see the game played hard and tough. It should be a tussle between men who can give and take physical exchanges within the terms of the law and who do not resort to underhand and often dangerous infringements of the rules and breaches of the ethics of the game.

I think the HKFA is adopting the right course in making a bold and determined bid to eliminate undesirable tactics, and in principle I am a supporter of the heavy fist which is being brought down on offenders.

These views are not, however, accepted without reservation. In all quarters I was glad therefore, of an opportunity to listen

to the other side of the story as it was presented to me by one of our leading football personalities.

This gentleman gave it as his opinion that the current crop of heavy sentences being handed out to field offenders is in danger of having an effect which is the very opposite to that desired by the Football Association.

"Such suspensions," he said, "will not clean up the game. If the present trend goes on we shall breed a hard core of embittered players who will fret their way through a long sentence and come back with a grudge against the game and against the people who run it. Such a situation is, of course, most undesirable and unless the HKFA is very careful it is in danger of defeating its own declared object."

WIDE VARIANCE

In support of his argument my friend produced some extracts from publications relating to football in England and emphasised the wide variance between punishments in England and Hongkong for the same field offence.

While it is true there is considerable difference between the suspensions being awarded in both places I believe it is a matter for each association to decide what is best for its own particular needs.

We talked around the subject for some time and I have since given a lot of thought to the matter. He said, "As I understand it punishments are given to an offending player in order to bring home to him the seriousness of his misdemeanour. In addition the fact that he is kept out of football and in denied participation in his favourite sport, is intended to reinforce his enthusiasm for the game and breed in him a new determination not to be cut off from it again."

"Those things can be satisfied and achieved only by a fair suspension. If you increase that suspension beyond reasonable limits you develop frustration and breed bitterness... and that is not good for the game."

There is indeed food for serious thought in that argument. The game is—and always will be—greater than the people who are but a passing part of it. It is still a game, however, whether it is amateur or professional, and in spite of myself I cannot but think and think deeply about these words from one who has had a long and intimate experience of Hongkong soccer.

... dirty play ... misconduct ... heavy punishment ... have we, in fact, achieved anything to get out of perspective...?

CONTROVERSIAL

My topic of promotion and relegation has had very different reactions in different parts of the soccer community. Within 30 minutes the other evening I was asked to keep it at it... drop it at all costs... for it... fight for it at every opportunity. I also heard it referred to as the beginning of the end of Colony football as we know it; and as the greatest thing that could happen in Hongkong.

Very obviously it is a controversial issue, but as one of the advocates I naturally see many of the good points in such a scheme. I am not, however, prepared to believe that it would not work within the present rules and regulations of the HKFA.

Out of all the discussions I have had on the subject I am quite prepared to believe that it would not work within the present rules and regulations of the HKFA.

That does not mean that I have lost all faith in the idea; it means only that football-folks are steadily coming round to the belief that there is so much good and so many possibilities in the up and down scheme that it should not be thrown out until the closest examination has been given to amending the present rules to make it work without prejudice to innocent parties, and to break with well tried methods. The natural conservatism of the community makes sweeping changes unwelcome, but that does not of necessity mean that the changes are not good. There is growing support for promotion and relegation and, I believe, it will be given a really very soon.

Nominate YOUR Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play

Nominations should be addressed to the Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street.

To the Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the,..... Club.

(Signed).....

POP



PRECIOUS DROPS FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS

CHERRY HEERING

MARINE, MATTHEW & CO. LTD.

(Bruce Dooland, ex-Australian Test cricketer now playing for Nottingham, writes the first of the weekly articles he will be contributing to the China Mail every Saturday throughout this cricket season.)

No one is in a finer position to write about cricket and the forthcoming Test matches against Australia than Bruce Dooland, having played Test cricket for Australia against England and having spent this winter in Australia studying the Australian players who will be in England this summer with the aim of recapturing the Ashes.

Look out for Bruce Dooland's article every week).

HERE COME THE AUSSIES!

ENGLAND WILL NEED GOOD OPENERS

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

The arrival of the Australian tourists for the first time since losing the Ashes at the Oval in 1953, heralds the start of a new cricket season. We shall see some fine cricket and most of us are already wondering who will win the series.

England must thank the inability of the Australian batsmen to cope with the speed bowling of Tyson and Statham for their superiority at the last meeting in Australia 18 months ago. May and Cowdrey emerged from the tour as great players, but it was the pace men that turned the tide.

During the Sheffield Shield season in Australia, there was a very noticeable change in the Australian batting. Previously batsmen had been chasing the bowling, playing shots all the time and having little regard to defence. Last season's most opening batsmen showed a trend reminiscent of the Woodfull-Ponsford era, when the primary job of the early players was to wear down the bowling.

This tour, the Australians have included players such as Burke, an improved McDonald, and Rutherford in an attempt to counteract the pace bowling of England, and they also have a very clear player in MacKay. Should these players have a successful tour, it will mean that the stroke players such as Miller and Harvey will be able to play their natural attacking game.

LINDWALL NO. 1 DANGER

Much will depend on these early batsmen. Should they fail to master the pace men, then the way will be open for a repeat performance of the series in Australia, with Tyson and Statham rocketing their way through.

But England are not blessed with an abundance of openers and, with the retirement of Hutton, the way is clear for the Australian fast bowlers to blast their way into the middle batting at an early stage. This problem must be overcome early in the season, in order that such players as May and Cowdrey need not face the full onslaught of the Lindwall-Miller attack, when the ball is new, and these two pace men are fresh.

There has been a great deal of speculation about Ray Lindwall's fitness after such a long career as a fast bowler in Test Cricket. Early last season in Australia, he suffered a wrench of the knee while bowling. A fortnight afterwards I saw him play in Adelaide. He had no doubt as to his fitness and ability to stand up to long bowling spells! On this occasion he turned himself into a stock bowler for the Queenslanders, and bowled a marathon performance of over 40 eight ball overs. Admittedly he did not bowl at full speed all the time, but on occasions showed that he could still turn on the speed when required. In any case, his uncanny control and clever variation still make him No. 1 danger to the England batting.

Keth Miller may also be classed in the same category. On this tour, he will probably be used as a shock bowler and with his ability to produce the unexpected, I see no reason at all why, with Lindwall, he will not be as successful as on previous tours.

FACE ATTACK

With new tourist Crawford, Archer and Davidson, the Australian pace attack is as formidable as the home team, but England with spinners such as Lock, Laker and Wardle all able to be very dangerous on any type of wicket, have a slight advantage in this department.

The Australians have entrusted their spinning to captain, Ian Johnson, who with his off-spinners, must command every respect. His command of flight, I should imagine, is as good, if not better, than any other spinner playing today. However, to my mind, he is much more effective on a hard wicket—as is Bennett with his leg spinners.

The only other spinner that the tourists can call on is left-hander Jack Wilson. He is the type that could "well" have a successful tour in this country, as his orthodox leg spinners are, unlike the majority of English left-handers, he bowls over the wicket mainly at the leg stump.

A WET SUMMER?

Should the Australians encounter a wet summer, then I am sure that the English spin attack will carry the day. Both Lock and Laker will be practically unplayable on these types of wickets, and the Australians will have no counterpart in their attack.

However, should the season be favoured with a summer like the last, then I am sure that the series will provide some close finishes—with both sides having an even chance of winning the Tests.

The big question marks at the moment hang over England's need for opening batsmen, and the tourists' new batsmen being able to adapt themselves to the different wickets encountered in this country in order to master the English speed attack.

The failure of either side to answer these questions may well be the deciding factor in the issues to come.

(COPYRIGHT)



BRUCE DOOLAND

Ref. Is Only One To See All The Fight

By BEN GREEN

The former Star referee who was suspended after controlling the Waterman-Gavilan fight in February

Fight fans—if there are any of you left after the heavyweight slump at Earls Court on April 24 night—I have some more bad news for you.

That sorry evening when I reported the welterweight fight between Kid Gavilan, of Cuba, and Peter Waterman, of Clapham, for you, I rediscovered a distressing fact.

Wherever you sit in the arena—front row, ringside or back row gallery—you see some of the fight all of the time; all of the fight some of the time, but YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY SEE ALL OF THE FIGHT ALL OF THE TIME.

Mind you, I will agree that when you have to watch such exhibitions as those provided by our heavyweight Champion Don Cockell, and his challenger, Jack Gardner, seeing only half of the fight could be enough of a burden on your eyes—if not too much.

IRRITATED

This was the first time for many years that I had had to sit at the ringside and attempt to score a bout as seriously as I was actually in charge of the contest.

As I watched Gavilan and Waterman in their enthralling battle of strength and skill, ingrained habit made me fidget impatiently in my seat, irritated almost beyond endurance by the knowledge that as the fighters shifted from position to position I just could not see all the action.

I was itching to take my usual place in the ring and totally unobscured.

My strong advice to you all is: Don't kid yourself you can score a fight well from a seat, no matter how expert a boxing follower you may be.

There are so many things you miss as, indeed, old-time referees must have missed when they officiated from a chair.

It made me realise how wise the Board of Control was in

TODAY IS CUP FINAL DAY

Fan Letters Kept Us Smiling While Preparing For It

Says DON REVIE

The Birmingham City players have my sympathy. I understand they are training at home for the Cup Final. For a big game I think this is usually the best form of preparation, because the players are living in their normal surroundings, and there is less likelihood of them thinking too much about the game.

But with a Cup Final it is different. Supporters, well meaning people who would give their all for their favourite club, can plague the life out of the players asking for—yes if you couldn't guess—Cup Final tickets!

I have not yet had a chance to talk to Len Boyd and his merry men from Birmingham, but I am quite sure they are experiencing the same troubles as the Manchester City players.

Last year, believe it or not, I had over 300 letters delivered to my home from people asking for tickets. This year Bert Trautmann, the Footballer of the Year, and the skipper, Roy Paul, have had the heaviest postbag. But what can players do? Few people realise that they are rationed to 12 per man by a FA instruction.

BUMPER POSTBAG

Still this writing to players before a Cup Final has its funny side, too. There is the classic story of a man offering a motor car for tickets when Preston reached the Cup Final in 1954. But there was no mention of what the motor car looked like!

Roy Warhurst, Birmingham's brilliant left-half, has had a bumper postbag from well meaning folk trying to offer him all sorts of wonder treatment for his injured leg.

And Manchester City's Bobby Johnstone had the laugh of a lifetime from one supporter who wrote to him a few days ago. This fan, knowing that Bobby is an importunate character, wrote suggesting that the wee Scot should shave in the dressing room at Wembley before the Final. The fan argued that the sight of match-winner Johnstone shaving would steady the nerves of the younger players.

Then the fan went on to say: "Besides you would be nicely shaved, and spick and span ready to go up to the Royal Box to meet the Royal party and collect your Cup winner's medal."

Well, there's confidence for you!

Actually this shaving before a big sports event is not so silly as it sounds. I believe the late Ned Tarkenton, the famous Merseyside featherweight boxer, used to shave in the dressing

room before most of his big fights.

At all events, by the time you read this the Manchester City Cup Final party will be at Eastbourne preparing for Wembley—so we leave Birmingham among their own folk and hope they don't get pestered too much by the ticket hunters!

TWO EVILS

It is going to be interesting on the Great Day to see which side sheds the Wembley nerves first. I am a great believer in training at home because the build-up to a Cup Final can stretch a player's nerves almost to breaking point.

But it seems to me the choice of the lesser of two evils:

(1) Train at home and spend most of your off-duty hours dodging ticket hunters and trying to keep abreast of the letters which pour in, or

(2) Go away from it all for peace and quiet—and perhaps risk the tension mounting up. For players away from their families have nothing else but the Final to think about!

The battle is now on to get Bill Livers, Manchester City right-back, fit for Wembley, and no one is giving more encouragement to Bill than Jimmy Meadows, our right-back in the Final last year, who played just 20 minutes at Wembley and then collapsed with twisted ligaments.

TRAINING AGAIN

Jimmy is now training again ready for next season—but he was one of the first to give encouragement to the unfortunate Livers when he sprained his ankle at Luton last Saturday.

Livers, who came to Maine Road from Chesterfield as a centre-half, is one of the most improved players in the game since he moved to right-back. His steadiness in what was a problem position after Jimmy Meadows' injury has helped greatly in City's march to Wembley. Certainly every Man-

chester City player is keeping his fingers crossed that Bill Livers will be there at Wembley. His height and strength in the tackle are invaluable assets to the team.

Cranston Comeback Solves Problem

Kenneth Cranston, the Liverpool dental surgeon and former Lancashire captain who played for England against Australia in 1948, may return to Old Trafford this season.

Cranston, who led Lancashire in 1947 and 1948, has been invited to help the county during the absence of skipper Cyril Washbrook.

Washbrook, now a Test selector, is likely to miss eight county matches.

And Lancashire will be weakened still more by Test calls on fast bowler Brian Statham. Lancashire Chairman Mr. T. Burrows said at the annual luncheon: "We shall miss them out we release them gladly in the cause of England cricket."

UNLIKELY TO PLAY But later came the Johnny Ikin blow. Johnny went into hospital for an operation and is unlikely to play cricket until late in the season.

If Cranston accepts he is certain to take over the captaincy in Washbrook's absence.

Cranston, a sound bat and medium-pace right-arm bowler, shocked South Africa in a Test at Leeds in 1947.

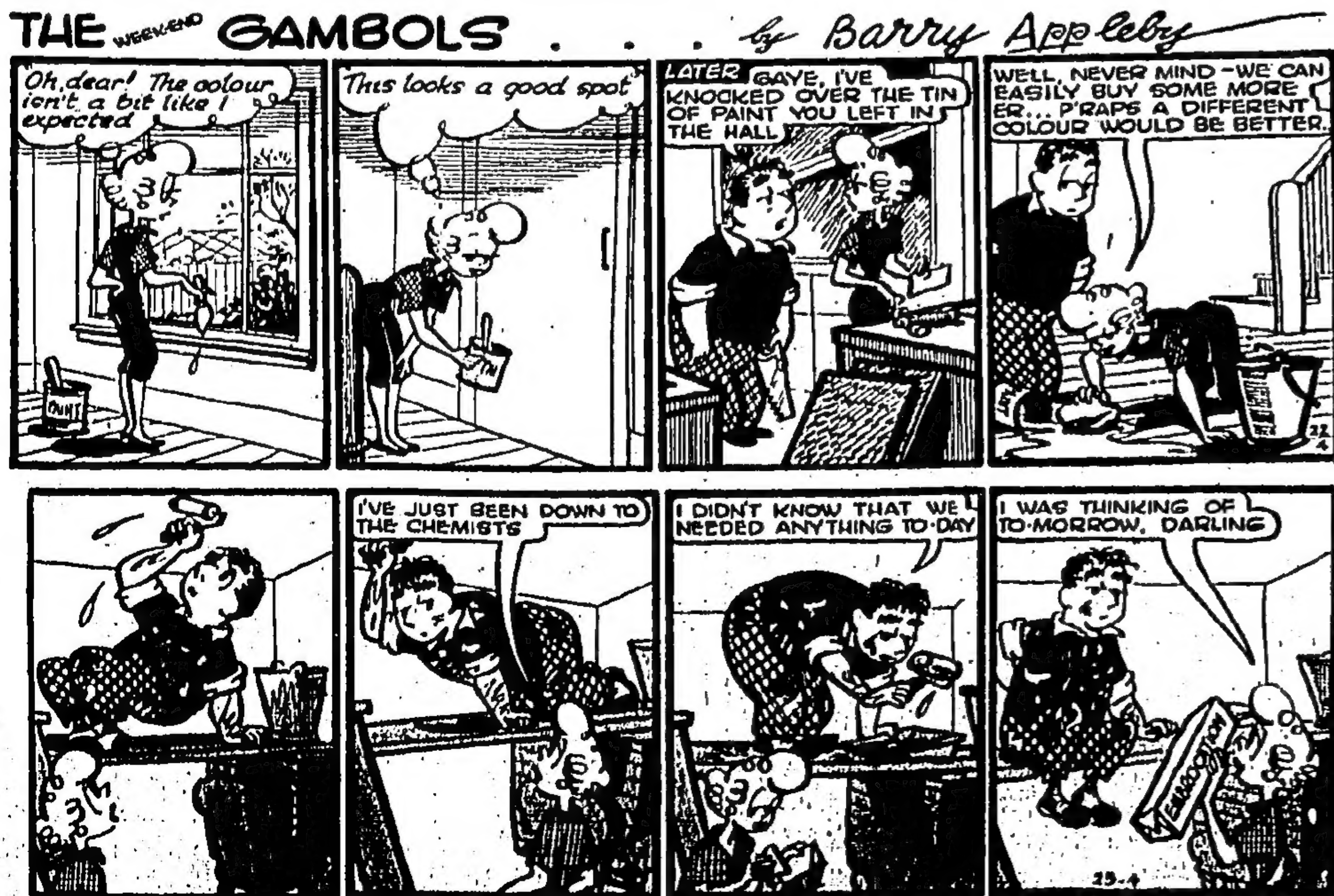
He captured four wickets without conceding a run in a sensational over. And playing against Warwickshire in 1948, Cranston took six wickets on the opening day. The next day he scored his first century of the season, led a sixth-wicket stand of 260 in three hours with Alan Wharston... and smashed the pavilion clock with a six-hit.

(London Express Service).

(COPYRIGHT)

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Golf. It is awarded to the player in Britain who heads the List of Merit at the end of the season.
2. At Earls Court they beat British heavyweight boxing champion Don Cockell and his No. 1 challenger Jack Gardner.
3. Lave comes from Tonga and Byrnes from Jamaica.
4. Kurt Nielsen of Denmark.
5. Athletics, motor-racing, and boxing.
6. Pat Crawford, the Australian fast bowler.
7. Pole Vault, 15ft. 7 1/2 ins.
8. Reg Matthews of Coventry City.
9. Gordon Pirie, Chris Chatway and Brian Hewson.
10. Don Bradman.



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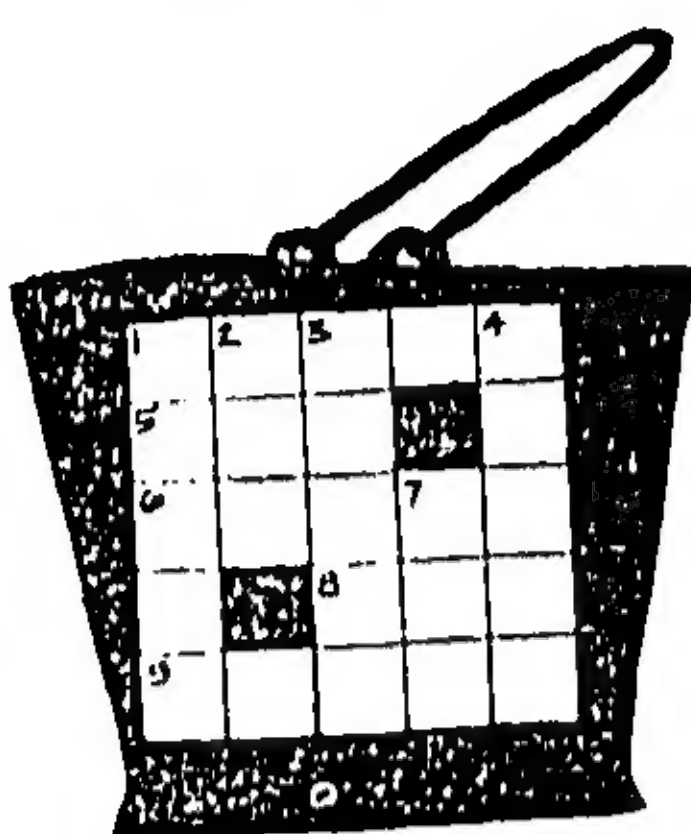
★ ★ ★

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

★ ★ ★

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 A coal scuttle may be used with it in a stove
- 2 Boy's name
- 3 Drive off
- 4 Pre-arranged nickname
- 5 Ocean currents

DOWN

- 1 Landing one
- 2 Angel
- 3 Swift
- 4 Baking events in stores
- 5 Piece out

SWITCH THEM

Switch around the letter in the word below so that it will be what is mentioned in the second part of each line.

STOKES—Northern people
CASTERS—Stage performer
SATCHEL—Used on doors
A CONE—Body of water
DOVER—Wandered

HOW TO HAVE FUN AT A PARTY

1. Divide your friends into pairs.

2. GIVE EACH PAIR A CUP WITH 5 MARBLES IN IT.
- AN EMPTY CUP.
- AND TWO SHARPENED PENCILS.

3. SET THE CUPS AND PENCILS ON A TABLE.

4. EACH PLAYER TAKES ONE PENCIL... AT A SIGNAL, EACH TEAM TRIES TO PUT THE MARBLES IN THE EMPTY CUP.

5. PLAYERS MUST USE POINTS OF PENCILS TO PICK UP MARBLES. GIVE THE FIRST TEAM THROUGH A PRIZE!

TRIANGLE

MARTS provide a base for this triangle. The second word is "father"; third is "an organ of hearing"; and fourth is "separate". Can you finish the triangle from these clues?

M
A
T
H
M
A
R
T
S

TAKE THE TAIL OFF

Take the tail off "a bog" and have "a planet"; take the tail off again and have "a bluish"; once more and have "mother".

PICTURE WORD SQUARE

Pick a four-letter word that best tells about each of these pictures. You'll find your answer reads the same down as it does across when they are written one beneath the other.



(Solutions on Page 20)

Topical Stamp Collecting Is Fascinating And Educational

ARE you interested in stamp collecting, a term which has become widespread among followers of the hobby? "Topicals" are generally agreed to be stamps which are chosen for a certain subject, or topic, included in the design, rather than for the country which issued the stamp.

If you collect only stamps which show pictures of animals and birds, for example, you are a "topical" collector of animal life or wildlife stamps.

Or you might specialise even further, and collect only birds, or fish, or horses.

SOME OF THE MAIN divisions of topical collecting are: biology, transportation, religion, famous persons, sports, music and arts.

ENDLESS LIST

Smaller groups might include stamps picturing ships, Boy or Girl Scouts, Red Cross, maps, portraits of Queen Elizabeth, or flowers or trees.

The list is almost endless. Some collectors also like to add those stamps which are related to their favourite topic in some way.

On the one-cent stamp of one of the United States series of "Famous Americans," for example, there is a portrait of naturalist John Adams Audubon. This

stamp might appear in a section or collection devoted to "Birds on Stamps" since Audubon is famous for his paintings and studies of birds. Or, the Audubon stamp could also be included in a collection of "Art and Artists" or "Famous Scientists."

YOU CAN SELECT your own subject and include whatever stamps you wish, which is one reason why many topical fans feel that their type of collecting is the most fascinating and educational.

TO SUIT YOUR TASTE

Many collectors prefer only stamps which picture an animal (or bridge or mountain, etc.) as the central or major part of the design. Others like to include those on which they can discover their favourite subject anywhere on the stamp, perhaps as a corner ornament or part of a border or as a tiny background figure.

A BEGINNER may ask, "But wouldn't such a collection be completed too quickly?"

The answer is no. Thousands of stamps have been issued by the different countries around the world during the past century, and many new ones appear every year.

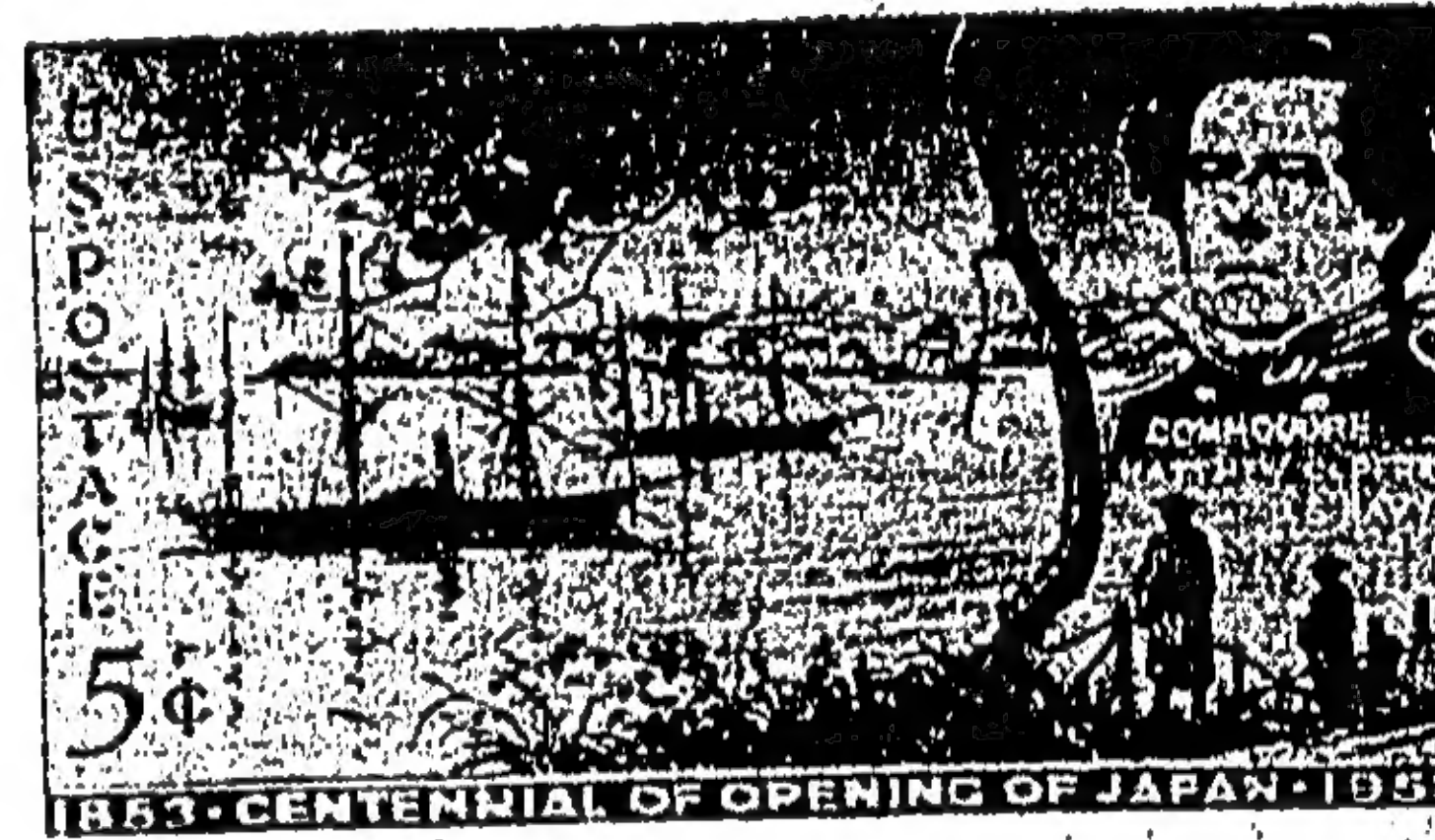
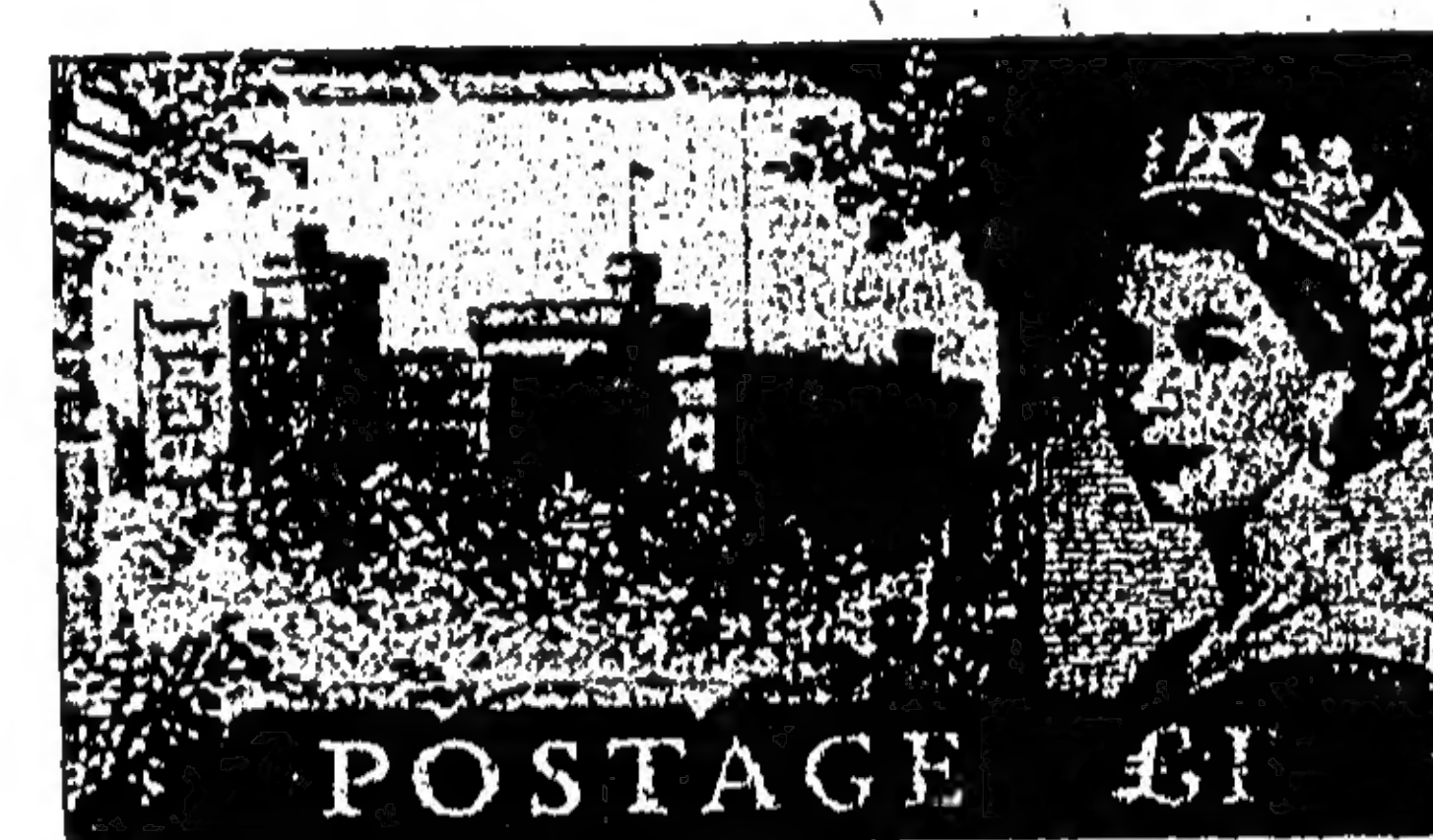
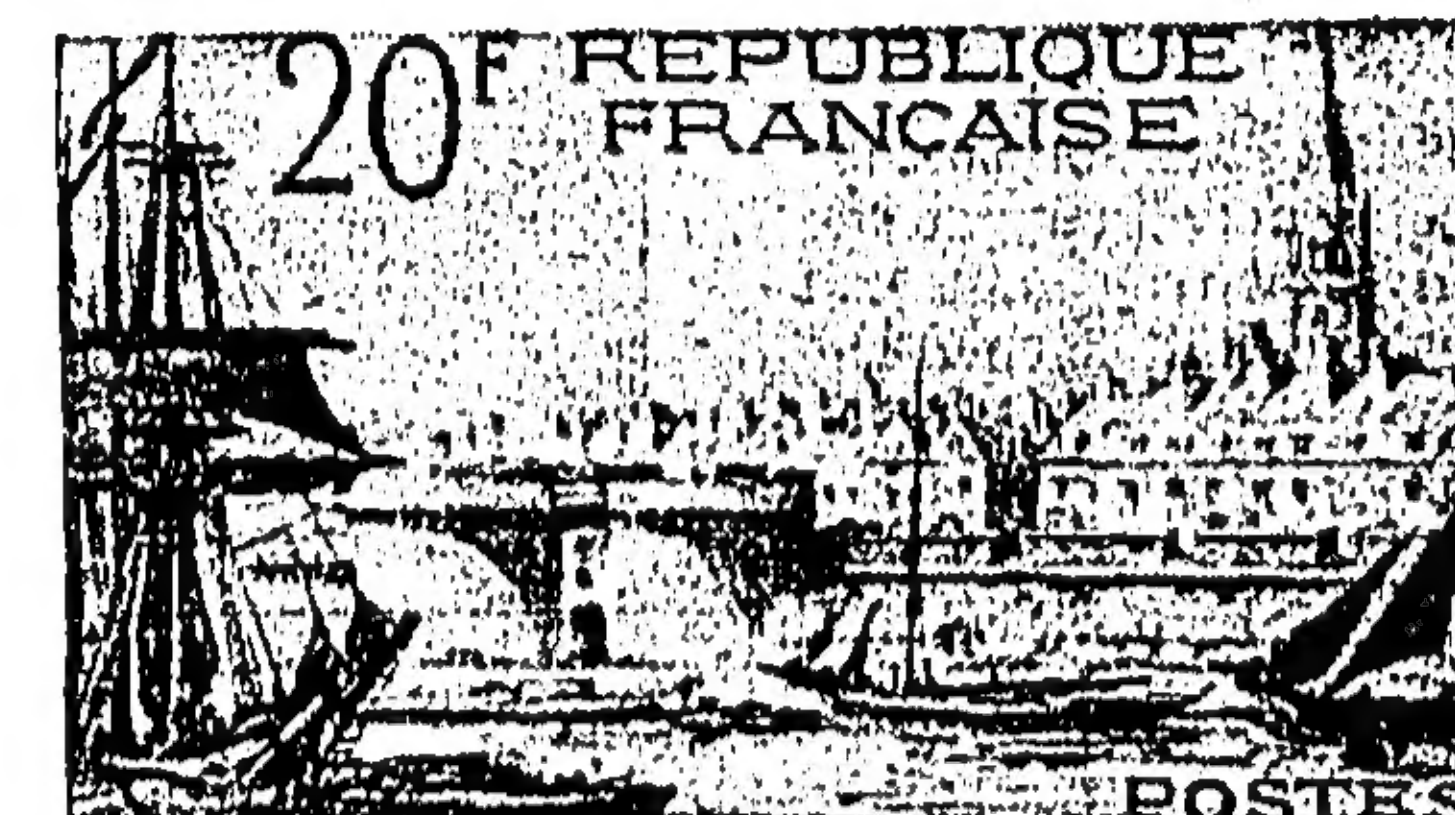
Some of the most attractive stamps commemorate a special event or famous person in a country's history, such as Captain Cook's rediscovery of New Zealand. These "commemorative" stamps are called, as they are called, are usually sold at post offices for only a few weeks and therefore are not seen too often or ordinary letters. But they are all rounded up by collectors, sooner or later, to be proudly mounted in somebody's album.

THE DIFFERENCE

One difference between topical and other types of collections is that the topical specialist is often required to prepare his own album. Printed albums are plentiful for world-wide collectors, but there isn't likely to be a printed album for a collector of, say, "costumes" or "medical science" on stamps.

THIS IS PART of the fun, however. An ordinary three-ring, loose leaf notebook with standard pages of 8½ by 11 inches, is popular with many topical collectors. Others like a spring-back type of binder.

Pages which can be purchased at a stationery or stamp store, may be blank or "quadrille." The latter type is printed with light squares to help in centring stamps, and resembles the "graph paper" used by students in algebra classes. Experienced collectors will tell you never to paste or glue stamps on a page, since you would probably damage either stamp or page if you want to change your arrangement. Use stamp "hinges" instead. You can arrange as few or as many stamps as you wish on a blank page, with your own design or notes—something which cannot be done with a printed album. But remember that the stamps themselves should always be



Top three stamps shown here illustrate collection of castles (Carcassonne, France; another in France; Windsor, England). Three lowest stamps could be in more than one topical collection—the French one for castles, boats or churches; the British for castles or famous people (Elizabeth II); the American for boats, mountains or people (Com. Ferry).

signs or notes—something which cannot be done with a printed album. But remember that the stamps themselves should always be the "centre of interest." For the true collector, the stamp is the reason for the page.

— WORTHINGTON

EVEN A SPARROW HAS TROUBLES

THIS is the story of a sparrow who lives in a gas station at Delton, Michigan.

He must be some bird to have a nice heated home like this and he ought to have a name. Let us call him Tom Sparrow.

He has lived in this wonderful home almost two years now and how much longer he will stay here no one knows.

It was in January, 1954, that we first became acquainted with Tom. Bert Parker was building his station at Delton and the workmen were putting on the doors. They noticed a sparrow watching the operation with great interest. This was our Tom.

It began to get dark one evening and the men noticed that Tom Sparrow was getting restless and kept hopping from one side to the other of a pile of tyres on which he had perched and was chirping loudly at the men as if entreating them to do something for him.

When one of the men opened the overhead doors, Tom never asked permission of anyone, but flew himself to a knot-hole in an overhead beam and quickly fluffed himself up for the night.

He stayed every night until spring and one day Tom appeared with another sparrow. She was to be his new mate. She did not like his home and refused to build any nest. She had her own and built a nest elsewhere so Tom did not spend much time at the station. After the baby sparrows were old enough to fly away, Tom came back every night to his home at the station and so passed the summer and winter.



One beautiful day the next spring he brought home a second mate.

Again poor Tom had his troubles. This mate would come as far as the beam but she would not build a nest in that knothole. Oh, no! not she!

They argued and argued over the situation. Tom's mate would not give in and it was almost too late.

Right across the street from Mr. Parker's service station was a stately old elm tree and here they hastily built a nest and Mrs. Sparrow laid her eggs. She sat on her nest and protected her brood from the rain and snow but Tom slept in his warm little knothole in the station.

The employees of the station had watched with great amusement the antics and the tribulations of Tom and his mates and they are wondering if Tom will ever bring home a mate which enjoys his snug home as much as he does.

— ROY L. WARREN

Was It A Good Deed?

—The Mouse Was Hungry, But So Was The Cat—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the shadow-boy with the turned-about name, went up to his friend, Teddy the Stuffed Bear whom he found sitting on the floor with his back against the wall.

He said: "Teddy, I'd like you to tell me whether I did a good deed or not."

Teddy nodded his head very pleasantly. "Of course I'll tell you, I know all about good deeds. I always do them myself whenever I think of them, which is almost every day."

"What good deed are you talking about?" he suddenly asked Knarf.

He Heard Footsteps

"Well," said Knarf, "this is what happened."

"I was in the kitchen, looking around for something good to eat before I went to bed, when I heard footsteps, very little pittering-pittering footsteps."

"Who was it?" asked Teddy. "A lion? A tiger? An elephant? Something big and dangerous?"

"It was a mouse," said Knarf.

"Oh," said Teddy, "just a small mouse. What did it want?"

"It was all out of breath," Knarf said. "It had just been running a race."

"You don't say!" said Teddy.

"The race the mouse was running," continued Knarf, "was with the cat. Now what happened was this, Teddy. This is what the mouse told me."

In The Celler

"He said that he lived down in the cellar in a corner where the plaster is broken. It was a very comfortable place, with nice furniture and curtains and books and other mousey little things such as pictures of cheese mountains and bread crumb trees."

"Very interesting," said Teddy. "But what about the race the mouse was running with that cat?"

"He couldn't get past that cat," said Knarf. "But I helped him. That's where the good deed came in. I tipped down the cellar steps, got behind the cat without her seeing or hearing me. Then I pulled her tail."

"What happened?" cried Teddy, greatly excited.

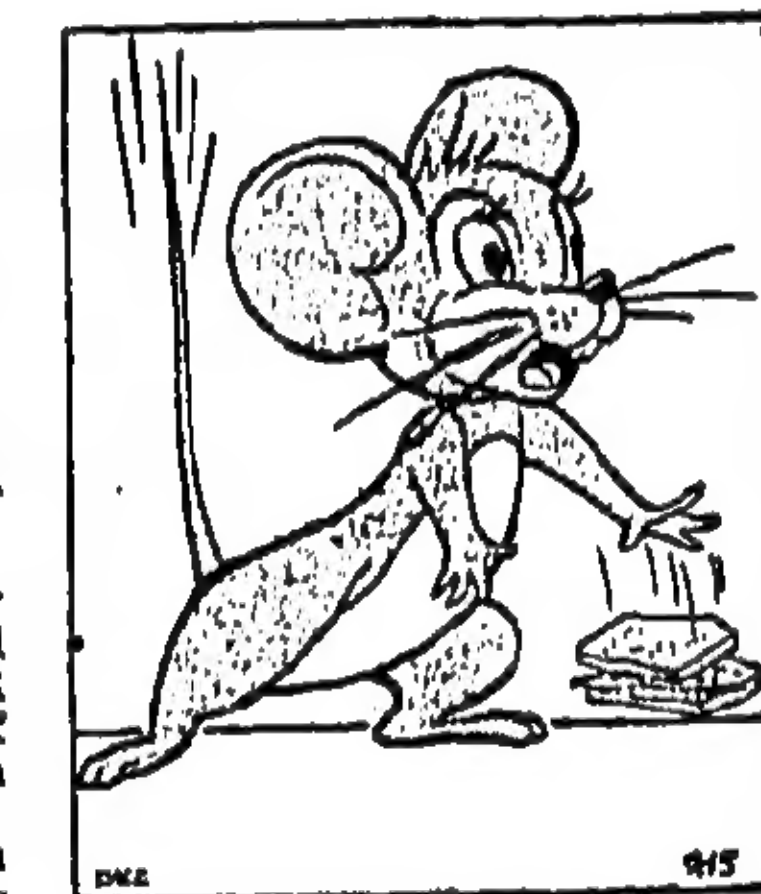
Home Safe

"The cat jumped up and swung around," said Knarf. "She thought I was the mouse. And the minute she moved away from the opening, the mouse darted into his room and was safe."

"Why, that was a wonderful deed," said Teddy. "I'm not so sure," said Knarf. "Why not?" asked Teddy, looking at Knarf in a puzzled way.

"Well," said Knarf, "the cat and the mouse were both hungry weren't they? The mouse got his bedtime snack. But the cat wanted a bedtime snack too. Her bedtime snack was the mouse! And when I pulled the cat's tail, I kept her from getting her bedtime snack."

"And when Teddy heard this, he couldn't answer. He really didn't know whether Knarf had done a good deed or not."



The frightened mouse dropped his cheese sandwich.

Knarf said: "What happened was this. The mouse told me all about it."

A Bit Of Cheese

"He had gone into the kitchen to try to find himself something to eat before going to bed. He was hungry the same way that I was. He found himself a bit of cheese which he put between two crumbs of bread and at that very moment, just as he was about to eat his bread crumb and cheese sandwich, the cat, who was dozing under the oven, spied him and jumped out."

"I suppose the mouse ran down the cellar steps," said Teddy.

"He did," said Knarf. "The cat ran ahead of him. She jumped over his head. She stretched herself out right in front of the opening to the mouse's room. And there she waited."

"What happened?" cried Teddy, greatly excited.

"The cat jumped up and swung around," said Knarf. "She thought I was the mouse. And the minute she moved away from the opening, the mouse darted into his room and was safe."

"Why, that was a wonderful deed," said Teddy. "I'm not so sure," said Knarf. "Why not?" asked Teddy, looking at Knarf in a puzzled way.

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"And when Teddy heard this, he couldn't answer. He really didn't know whether Knarf had done a good deed or not."

Teenager Finds 'Buried Treasure'

BURIED treasure is a magic lure. Leonidas Betts, a 17-year-old from Varina, North Carolina, used to go out searching for it like everyone else.

But soon he realised that his treasure-hunting could be more than a game. For Leonidas lives in a region full of real treasures—bones, pots, arrowheads—the remains of a civilisation of Mound Builder Indians who lived at the time of Columbus.

The Mound Builders are so called because they constructed mounds of earth, some of them burial mounds and some bases for their temples. These temple mounds face the west, the dying face of the sun. For the people worshipped the sun.

When Leonidas became interested in these mounds, he contacted the archaeological association of his state and he read books about these Indians. By the time he was 11, he was digging with archaeologists, learning their methods.

These methods are very important because precious information is often lost forever by untrained diggers. For example, the exact arrangement of fragments in the earth is often much more valuable than the fragments themselves. Only trained people know how to record these vital facts.

A plot several feet square is first marked out by the digger. A spade is used at first, then a trowel and finally a brush, as delicate objects are uncovered. Many photos and sketches are made. Chemicals are applied to remains and they are carefully removed for further study.

In an exhibit, Leonidas showed the bones of Indians he had uncovered in one of the burial mounds. From crushed skulls, and evidence of a hasty burial, he thinks the men were killed in battle. The teeth are not too worn down, so Leonidas knows they were not too old. He feels that the burial took place before Columbus, because no European goods were nearby.

A TRUE ADVENTURE

Counterspies Get The Evidence

IN the business of combating spies almost any talent or skill may come in handy, including some of the devious methods of crooks and swindlers.

During the early days of World War I, before the U.S. entered the conflict, German secret agents had almost unhindered freedom in America. Pitted against them was a small staff of U.S. military counterespionage agents. They were men who performed superb feats of detection that never made the headlines.

These spy-chasers had their eye on a certain Dr. Heinrich Albert, officially listed as commercial attaché of the German Embassy. Actually, Dr. Albert was believed to be the kingpin of a German sabotage ring dedicated to slowing down production of munitions for the Allies.

FAT PORTFOLIO

The Germans were spending large sums of money for their undercover work, and the man who held the purse strings was believed to be Dr. Albert.

But getting the goods on Dr. Albert—evidence which would stand up in court—was quite another thing, for he was an extremely cautious man.

But he did carry a fat portfolio. To and from his office, riding in subways or trains, eating in restaurants or walking the streets, this portfolio was

always with him. Dr. Albert never let it out of his sight. In fact, most of the time he never allowed it out of his ho's.

The U.S. counter-espionage agent finally bought another portfolio, an exact duplicate of the one carried by Dr. Albert. They roughed it up a bit to give it the same appearance of wear, and stuffed it to the proper thickness with newspapers. With this substitute, they reasoned, they had only to seize the proper moment to switch the fake for the real one carried by Dr. Albert and get the evidence they needed to snarl the German agent.

FLEETING SECOND

When Dr. Albert was in New York he always rode the same train from his office, and always selected a corner seat. One evening as Dr. Albert settled himself in his favourite spot, three U.S. agents moved into the car.

One sat close to him, hiding the fake portfolio behind him. The other two went to the other end of the car and, as the train started, began a loud and boisterous fight.

For a fleeting second Dr. Albert turned his head to see who was creating the disturbance. The agent sitting innocently nearby reached over and made a quick switch of portfolios.

Papers found in Dr. Albert's portfolio contained lists of Germany's agents and saboteurs in the U.S., and accounts of pay-offs. Enough evidence for the

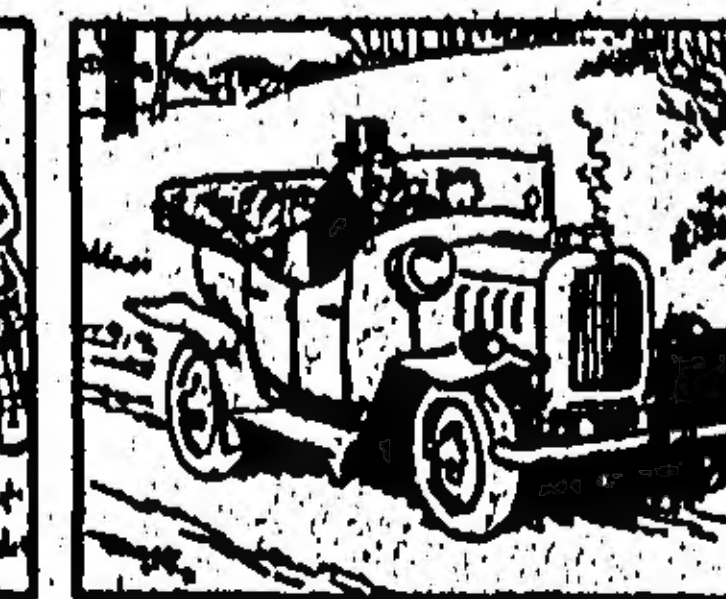


government to put a serious crimp in the German spy ring. Dr. Albert, the extra-cautious spy master, was thoroughly taken in by that heavy old swindler's device, the switch trick. So much so that he never knew he'd been had until the next day, when he opened the fake portfolio and withdrew a fat cluster of American comic sections!

Rupert and the Black Circle-37

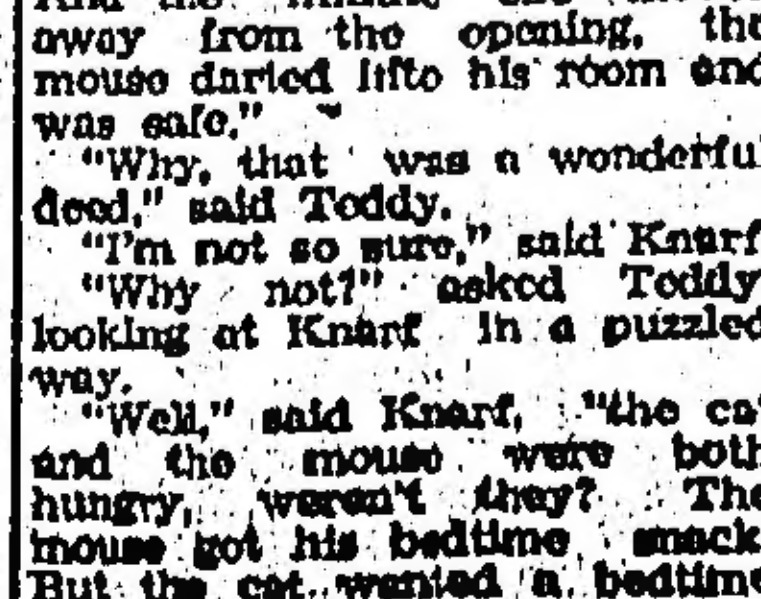


Next morning Rupert and King arrive at the meeting place to find that Willie and Bill Bogger are there before them. "I don't understand this at all," says Willie. "How can the mystery of the Black Circle be solved?" A man object approaching along the road



below makes them turn, and soon Mr. Albert appears in his old car. Making them get in the car, he says, "I am a spy of a spy of a spy from the excited look on your face, I know you are a spy, and only tell them to wait and see."

Rupert and the Black Circle-37



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4010'S WHO

CHIHUAHUAS, WORLD'S TINIEST DOGS, WERE BELIEVED BY THE ANCIENT AZTECS TO GUIDE HUMAN SOULS THROUGH THE UNDERWORLD.

IT'S CRAW!

THE POCKET GOPHER CAN RUN DOWN ITS HOLE BACKWARD ABOUT AS FAST AS IT CAN HEADFIRST, IT USES ITS SENSITIVE TAIL AS ITS GUIDE.



EXCEPT FOR THE QUEENBEE, ALL BUMBLEBEES DIE IN WINTER. SHE ALONE SURVIVES TO PRODUCE ANOTHER GENERATION.

ENGINEERING EQUIPMENT CO., LTD.
H.K. & Shanghai Bank Bldg. Tel. 27789

Established 1942

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1956.

Printed and published by F
behalf of South China Morning
Street, City of Victoria in the

London, May 4.
Results of tonight's Association Football matches were:
Division III South
Millwall 1 Norwich 1
European Inter-Cities Cup
(second leg)
London 1 Basle 1
(London won first leg 3-0).
Reader.

[illegible]

Franco-Soviet Talks

Mr. W.A. Grinham, General Manager of the South China Morning Post, Ltd., left Hong-kong for London, by BOAC this morning on a short combined leave and business trip. He will be away about three and a half

off with a tremendous amount of
good will...but by talking out
of both sides of our mouth on

and Classified Advertisements as usual.

Printed and published by ROBIN GEORGE HUTCHKON for and on behalf of South China Morning Post Limited at 1-3 Wyndham Street, City of Victoria in the Colony of Hongkong.